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Staccato.

ASTER WILLIAM ALFRED BASIL
DEANE GAUNTLETT, the latest
infant prodigy, is only in his ninth
year. Almost before he could speak
the little fellow knew his notes. By the time
he was four years he could play the scales
perfectly, and when only five he played the
overture and incidental music at some private
theatricals.

A FUNNY little story leaks out now regarding Minnie Hauk. Arriving in this country on her way to the Chicago Fair, Manager Hinrichs secured her services for a few nights of grand opera in Philadelphia. She called for her cos-tumes, which arrived in the nick of time, but the brown paint required for "Africaine" had been forgotten. After some research Minnie Hauk found some paint in Philadelphia apparently answering her purposes. She was a grand Selika, and died under the manzilla tree amid enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. Next day she was to leave for Chicago. Alas! vainly she tried to remove the paint from face, neck, and arms. The African Queen remained "dyed in the wool," and no cosmetiques could remove it. Some days elapsed before the fair prima donna was presentable to a railway train public.

THE oldest of "Her Majesty's servants" engaged in the opera of "Fra Diavolo," recently given before the Queen, is Mr. Aynsley Cook. During the last thirty years he has been associated with nearly all the English operatic ventures, great and small. His répertoire consists of more than too operas, and he has also appeared in pantomime, burlesque, and the legitimate drama. The late Mrs. Avnsley Cook. who lost her life while bathing at Worthing a few years ago, was also a good operatic artiste, and all her surviving daughters have since adopted the stage as a profession. Mr. Aynsley Cook, like most operatic singers, is a Roman Catholic, and generally assists the choir of St. Mary's Cathedral when his company is in Edinburgh.

It is a strange thing that the national airs of great countries are short, while those of little countries are very long. For instance, "God Save the Queen" is fourteen bars, the Russian hymn sixteen bars, and "Hail, Columbia," the foremost among the American airs, has twenty-eight bars. On the other hand, Siam's national hymn has seventy-six bars, that of Uruguay seventy, Chili's forty-six, and so on. San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, has the longest national hymn. The national hymn of China is so long that, when people want to hear it, they have to take half a day off to be able to listen to its strains.

JUDGE COVENTRY recently delivered judgment at Blackburn in an action brought by Frederick Penwirth, professional musician, of Manchester, and a member of the Hallé Orchestra, against the Darwen Co-operative Society, for £50, damage to a bass viol, 300 years old, which was broken by alleged negligence between the rehearsal and the performance of the concert. The Judge held the society liable for the carelessness of their servant, and gave a verdict for the full amount.

A HIGH COURT action has resulted in a decision that no one may sing "Daisy give me your answer, do," in pantomime or elsewhere without the permission of Miss Kate Lawrence. It will be a mercy if Kate is obdurate and withholds permission.

AMONG the lady violinists who flit across the platform in Edinburgh there is none who is better remembered than Miss Nettie Carpenter. She is so thoroughly at home in this country that many are unaware that she is of American nationality, being the only child of the late Dr. Carpenter, a New York physician, in which city she was born. Showing great aptitude for the violin, her parents decided she should enter the Paris Conservatoire. Here she was placed under Professor Dancla, and in 1884 was fortunate enough to obtain "Le Premier Prix," being then about sixteen years of age. After this, she received offers of engagements from various parts of the world, and has now played in all the musical centres of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Spaln, and North and South America.

SARAH BERNHARDT was a dressmaker's apprentice. Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse. Miss Braddon, the novelist, was a utility actress in the provinces. Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people. Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old story of a face being a fortune proved true in her case. Sarah Bernhardt has been heard to say that could she have her wish she would have a villa in the middle of the Zoological Gardens, so devoted is the great actress to animals. Two jaguars, named Marc Antony and Cleopatra, accompanied her from South America, and are now among her most favoured friends.

* * *

MADEMOISELLE JANOTHA, the accomplished pianist, combines literary labours with her music, and next year her volume on Chopin is expected. The book will be dedicated by special permission to the Princess Beatrice.

JOHN ABELL, a celebrated singer and musician who lived in the reign of Charles II., had a very great notion of himself, and would not perform unless he pleased. There is a funny story told in the Little Folk's Magazine of how he was

once made to sing against his will. While travelling abroad for pleasure he came into the town of Warsaw. News was brought to the palace of the famous English singer's arrival, and Frederick Augustus, the King of Poland, immediately sent word that he desired Abell to appear before him. "Tell His Majesty," replied John curtly, "that it suits me not." Back went the Court messenger with a wry face; he knew his master's temper too well. "Tell Master Abell," thundered the King, "that I will have him come! And take you, boy, three stout fellows with you."

THE messenger and the three stout fellows between them managed to carry out the royal wish, and presently marched triumphantly up to the palace with their unwilling captive. The king was awaiting them in the great hall, where he had seated himself in a balcony that ran all round the sides. Above him an immense chair hung from the roof by a rope. "Now then, into the chair and up with him," cried Frederick Augustus with a chuckle: "we'll soon see if our song-bird won't sing in his cage. Up with him, my merry men all!" And up in the air swung Abell, who still refused to open his mouth. When he gave a glance downward, however, he changed his mind. Into the hall beneath him a number of wild bears had been turned loose. "Sing, sirrah!" the King shouted, "or down you go to play with my brown babies." One look at those "brown babies," growling and snarling below in a very unbabylike manner, was sufficient to convince the stubborn John. Sing he did, and he often used to declare in after days that he never sung so well in his life as when he was hanging there, a hundred feet high above the fierce beasts.

APPLAUSE is said to be so necessary to the popular singer that if he cannot get the genuine thing, he must employ the claque to manufacture a counterfeit thing. A Manchester gentleman, however, in a letter to the Manchester Guardian, states that applause which comes at the wrong moment may be to the performers rather embarrassing than encouraging. It is the case of Rabagas, whose fervent constituents would shout "Bravo!" with tremendous energy when that energetic orator had got no further than the word "Fellow citizens."

* * *

This gentleman has been at the Free Trade Hall to hear a performance of an oratorio of Handel, and he has observed that the singers were not less annoyed than the audience by the indiscriminate and ill-timed applause. After "Arm, arm, ye brave," for example, the chorus "We come" ought to follow without a break; but owing to the injudicious applause, the chorus had actually finished several bars before the audience were aware that they had uttered a sound. Again, in "From mighty kings," he observed that the solo singer was "quite nonplussed." and had, for a like reason, to make a pause

before repeating the first part. The writer suggests that in future programmes for choral works a notice should be printed requesting the audience not to applaud until the conclusion of the symphonies.

An accomplished amateur musician, addicted to eccentric exploits in the field of composition, has completed the score of a quartet for ammoniaphone, two type-writers, and a tea-tray. The effect of the combination is said to be quite electropathic.

RUBINSTEIN has again refused the offer of £25,000 made by Herr Hermann Wolff, the Berlin concert agent, for a tour of 50 pianoforte recitals in the United States. The great pianist, however, will be very willing to journey to America to conduct his "Moses" and "Christus," if Mr. Abbey will mount them on the stage.

WHEN the great violinist, Dr. Joachim, pays his annual visit to this country in February, he will be probably accompanied by his daughter, Fraulein Joachim, who will then make her first appearance in England as a singer. Frau Joachim, her mother, has long enjoyed, the reputation of being one of the best concert singers in Germany.

MISS FLORENCE MONTEITH, who has been in Milan for some weeks past, is engaged by Signor Sonzogno as "Prima Donna Soprano Assoluta" for the grand season at Naples, extending from the end of December to April. The company will include some of the best known singers now in Italy, with Tamagno, the great tenor, at the head of the list. It is probable that Cowen's opera "Signa" will be perormed at Naples. Mascagni, after hearing Miss Florence Monteith, intimated to her that he would like her to sing in his new opera, "Radcliffe"

Musical bife in bondon.

THE SARASATE CONCERTS.

HE second of these occurred too late for mention in our Christmas number, though the date was only November 13. The programme was fairly good: that is, it did not contain much good music, which Sarasate (for reasons I have previously gone into) rarely plays well. It included Schumann's D minor Sonata, Bernard's Suite, and Raff's "La fée d'Amour," for piano and violin; Liszt's vulgar fantasia on "Don Juan," for piano alone; and the concert-giver's own violin solo called "Zigeunerweisen." The best played and most successful with the audience was Raff's piece. Madame Bertha Marx played Liszt's fantasia as it deserved.

The last concert, December 4, was, so far as attendance is concerned, the best of the series. The programme was of the usual average sort: a Beethoven Sonata, a Goldmark Suite, four Slavonic dances by Dvorak, and concluded with a piece by Sarasate. The Beethoven Sonata was not well played. Exquisite tone and neat phrasing only make one feel the more acutely the want of the deeper artistic insight that is required for the "great" music. Madame Bertha Marx went off gaily with the intensely earnest slow movement as though it were a

Czerny exercise, and Sarasate did his best to outshine his partner in point of out-of-place gay indifference. The Goldmark Suite was the same sort of thing as the Bernard Suite of the previous concert, only not so good. The following receipt for making such (miscalled) music may be useful to young composers who wish to make money. First catch your theme. Steal it if you can see anything bad enough. Repeat it in several keys, first on the piano, then on the violin, with a slightly different accompaniment each time. Then take another theme, treat it similarly in fresh keys, and finish up with thunderous chords and scales. Introduce a short Adagio; after which repeat the whole of the first movement. For your finale take little bits from the "Kreutzer," from Cramer's studies, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and violin concerto, and a few chromatic passages from "Parsifal"; string loosely together, and introduce a number of sudden stoppages, followed by silent bars. You will then have a composition which will, in all probability, be as good as anything turned out by Messrs. Goldmark and Bernard.

THE "POPS."

The "Pops" go steadily on. Mr. Leonard Borwick has appeared several times, and each time added to his reputation, and the only additional facts of interest are the Paderewski concert on December 11, and the production of Professor Villiers Stanford's Quartet on Novem-

Taken as an event in the history of music for the usual quartet—two violins, viola, and 'cello—this work of Dr. Stanford's is of not the slightest importance. In no way is it new: even its dryness is suspiciously like Brahms's favourite variation of the same quality. It is in four movements—an Allegro, an Allegretto, a Largo, and a final Allegro; the key is G, and the chief characteristic counterpoint.

The Allegretto is from beginning to end a thing of delight. The Adagio, however, I must pass over as a painful example of how not to do it. The Finale is a bustling fugue, which it is my firm belief the composer will some day see reason to replace by a more dignified and musical movement. I need say little about the playing. Mr. Ries was away, and Mr. Gibson took his place, while Mr. Kreuz came in to take viola. He plays with more boldness than Mr. Gibson, and the quartet playing gains by it, for, as a rule, Mr. Gibson is much too subdued. I should mention that at this concert Mr. and Mrs. Oudin Chaminaded with a degree of unsuccess that was due, not to their singing, but to the fact that the eternal repetitions of the lively young Parisian lady's music have at length wearied the English idea.

Paderewski's songs are noticed elsewhere, and I will only add that they hardly made the furore that was intended, though Mr. Lloyd did his best with them. For the rest, the "Polish virtuoso" (as "Joey B., sir," loves to call him) gave us some good average playing in Weber's A flat sonata, and afterwards took part in Brahms's early quartet for piano, violin, viola, and 'cello, doing a good many things he should not have done, and leaving undone a good many more he should have done.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Of these there are two to notice. The programme of the first was:

Concert Overture (New) ... Emanuel Moor.
Concerto in A minor, for Pianoforte
Mr. Paderewski.
Symphony in G Haydn.
Polish Fantaisie for Pianoforte ... Paderewski.

Mr. Paderewski.

so many people moving about while it was played, that perhaps the opinion I formed, that the overture is rather poor stuff, may need revision. Still the themes quoted in the programme are in no way notable, and serve to show that the composer is suffering from that modern disease of writing passages which are novel to the eye, but deadly commonplace to the ear.

Paderewski's reading of Schumann is to my mind—but this is after some weeks of consideration—an ideal one. At first I thought it was

So, you see, this occasion was an all-important

one. Mr. Moor's work suffered sadly by coming

first on the programme, when everyone was in a

fever of anxiety about Paderewski. There were

mind-but this is after some weeks of consideration—an ideal one. At first I thought it was over-sentimentalised. As a matter of fact, it was beautifully simple, and tender to the last degree—and that is exactly what Schumann's (best) music should be. In the last movement Mr. Henschel's defective feeling for rhythms produced a rather ludicrous effect. In threefour time the strongest accent occurs on the first crotchet in each bar, and the weakest on the last. Mr. Henschel, however, gave every note with the same degree of force—utterly destroying the meaning, and, what is worse, the beauty of the passage. Paderewski phrased it in the true manner, looking at the conductor (I thought) with indignation blent with wonder in his eyes. I pass over the Haydn symphony, merely remarking that Mr. Joseph Bennett's analysis is the most wonderful piece of fancy that ever proceeded even from his wonderful brain-not excepting his statements of Wagner's art-views. The Polish fantasia is elsewhere analyzed. Paderewski played it with brilliancy, and when the audience insisted upon an encore he staggered everyone by repeating the last movement. We didn't ask for more. In the "Kaisetmarsch" the strings were rough as Mr. fine baritone voice, though the splendid richness and vigour of the piece were in healthy contrast to what we had just undergone.

We were fairly drowned on December 6. The programme was nearly all Ocean. The concert was a cataclysm. After Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, very badly played by the band, Mrs. Eaton sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (from Weber's "Oberon"), and then came the ocean itself-Rubinstein's. It is in seven movements, of which two were mercifully omitted. The rest are watery enough, in all conscience. In his analysis Mr. J. Bennett had selected a number of quotations to serve as mottoes, but it would seem that some accident had occurred in the printing, for each movement had the most inappropriate motto that could be imagined: and what is "the praiseful sea," Mr. Bennett? These things kept me awake while the dreary minutes rolled on. The rest of the audience, not possessing my intellectual resources, went to sleep, or talked, or went out. I say nothing about individual movements, save that the last contains a chorale, which is "varied" to such purpose that a question I was asked at the close seemed quite appropriate; it was, "Do you think you can arrange that for the accordion?"

Everyone was too exhausted to listen critically to Miss Beatrice Langley in a violin concerto by Spohr. She is a good average orchestral player, whom one only excuses coming upon the concert platform as a soloist because there is no room as yet for the "eternally feminine" in our orchestras. I have mentioned that something had gone wrong in printing the programme. Another example of it was that the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger" was set down, while Mr. Henschel played and intended to play the overture. For some reason or another the orchestra was a very small one

-far too small, at any rate, to do justice to Wagner's glorious music.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

This society has given two concerts-one of importance, the other unimportant. The last came first; "Israel in Egypt," on November 23, in the Albert Hall, of course. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Clara Butt, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. They each did well what they had to do, but (as is well known) that is not much. In "The enemy said," Mr. Lloyd showed sufficient fire to bring him an encore; Miss Williams sang "Thou shalt blow with the wind" charmingly; and Miss Clara Butt in "The land brought forth frogs," and "Thou shalt bring them in," proved that she is a magnificent artist, despite her want of technical training. The choruses were for the most part magnificently given-especially the tremendous "Hailstone" chorus and "The horse and his

On December 7, Handel's "Jephtha" was performed, with Sir Arthur Sullivan's additional accompaniments. To get done at once with what I have to do in the way of animadversion, these accompaniments are disgraceful. They might serve very well for a Gilbert-Sullivan light opera; but in Handel's glorious music the trifling bits of squealing imitation on the flutes. and the incessant blaring of trumpets and trombones are completely out of place. I hope Sir Joseph Barnby will have done what is necessary in the way of filling up, either by himself or some other competent hand, and let the London public hear Handel's music without the selections from "Pinafore" and "The Mikado," which the maker of the latter works of genius has gratuitously thrown in. Mrs. Henschel was the soprano soloist, and sang the music as though she understood not a note of it, with the exception of the "Farewell" song, which was given with genuine pathos. But Mrs. Henschel is not the vocalist to sing our Handel. Miss Agnes Janson was splendidly dramatic in "Let other creatures die;" though obviously unacquainted with the "traditional" mode of rendering Handel. Mr. Lloyd made the success of the evening by his declamation of "Deeper and deeper still," which he gave with a seriousness and perfection of phrasing worthy of the music. The orchestra was very shaky at times, but the chorus came off with flying colours in "When his loud voice."

RECITALS

On November 21, Miss Gerardy, sister of the young 'cello player, gave a piano recital in St. James's Hall. It was no great success. In fact, by her renderings of pieces by Scarlatti, Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven, the young lady managed to show unmistakably that though she has the making of a passable player, she is no genius, and certainly needs a considerable amount of training before she will be fit to play before a critical audience.

Mr. Siloti, "from Moscow," gave two recitals, one on November 22, the other on the 27th. I was unable to attend the first, but at the second I was favourably impressed by his vivacious playing. That he made a piano recital some-thing less than a complete boredom is saying much for his powers as an entertainer. Hi rendering of the Schumann sonata was less earnest than Paderewski's a few weeks previous, and, strangely enough, the music gained by it. But Mr. Siloti was at his best in the little pieces by Russian composers. His reading of Chopin somewhat lacked delicacy. I should add that in everything he played he showed complete mastery of the keyboard.

season's recitals, but of this season's concerts of conscious and nervous to do themselves and the all sorts, was the piano and song recital given in St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, December 5, by Messrs. Plunket Greene and Leonard Borwick. The programme was such a perfect example of all that a programme should be that, lengthy as it is, I give it here complete.

I.	Carneval	Schumann.
100	Mr. Leonard Borwick.	
2.	a. Plaisir d'amour	Martini.
1	b. Già risuonar d'intorno	Handel.
	c. Die Ehre Gottes	Beethoven,
	d. Ein Ton	Cornelius.
	e. Alt Heidelberg	Jensen.
	f. Im Rhein, im heiligen	
	Strome	Frans.
	g. Winter-nacht	Holländer.
	Mr. Plunket Greene.	
3.	a. Prelude from English Suite,	
3.	No. 2, A minor	Bach.
	b. Pastorale	Scarlatti.
100	c. Humoresque de Concert	
100	(genre Scarlatti)	Paderewski.
150	d. Ballade F major	Chopin.
-	e. Liebestraum	Lisat.
	f. Danse Macabre St.	
	Mr. Leonard Borwick.	
4	Songs of the Four Nations	
	Arranged by Arth	ur Somervell.
	a. The Three Ravens	
(E.)	b. The Happy Farmer	English.
12	c. By the Waters of Babylon	Welsh.
	d. Myle Charaine	Manx.
	e. Where be going?	Cornish.
1	f. The Little Red Fox	Irish.
1 3	Mr. Plunket Greene.	
	Accompanied by Mr. Somerv	ell.

Mr. Borwick was some time in settling down to the lovely toned Steinway piano on which he was fortunate enough to play, but the later movements of the "Carneval" were deliciously given. Mr. Plunket Greene sang each of his pieces as it ought to be sung, gaining an encore for "Ein Ton," by Cornelius. Mr. Borwick's playing is still too level in colour for Chopin, whose music should glow from first note to last. But in the Scarlatti piece, and Paderewski's skit on the Scarlatti style he showed himself a true

I can only give a line to Mr. Frederick Griffith's flute recital at R. A. M., on December 8. He showed himself master of his instrument, but it is not an inspiring one in solo pieces.

Another flute recital, Mr. Aldebert Allen's, in Steinway Hall, was well attended, and my alter ego reports that he is a player of sterling merit.

ACADEMICAL.

The R. A. M. students gave a concert on November 20, in St. James's Hall. First, Mr. George Aitken played a Schumann study, just as a church organist indulges in a "voluntary and then the lady students sang the late Mr. Hullah's disarrangement of Pergolesi's "Stabat the string accompaniments being played by the students also. Dr. Mackenzie, who, conducted, had evidently made a careful study of Mr. Hullah's somewhat idiotic tempi expression marks, and had, equally evidently, neglected to study the original score with a view to learning how far those various marks were justified. Consequently, the performance was a mere caricature. Every movement was taken too fast-in many instances ten times too fast, in others only twice or thrice. Movements evidently intended to be sung as choruses were sung as duets. Finally, laughable effects were produced by Mr. Hullah's unwarranted and inartistic fortes, pianos and

A much more grateful subject is the performance of the whole "Messiah," by the students of the Guildhall School, on Thursday, December 14. Naturally the bass and tenor sections were comparatively weak, the band not exactly But the most interesting, not only of this perfection, and some of the soloists too self- on forty years ago.

work justice. But on the whole the rendering was emphatically good; and of course it was the more interesting on account of the numbers which have been omitted since time immemorial or, to be exact, since Mr. Vincent Novello came to the conclusion they should be omitted and printed against certain recitatives, airs, and choruses in his edition, "This number is generally omitted," which I don't believe was true. However, we heard them in their native freshness and glory on the 14th; and many of the audience doubtless learned then that it cannot be on account of their "dulness" that some of the finest pieces are never sung. Sir Joseph Barnby had considerable trouble to keep his young folk together, and although they were terribly enthusiastic, he was victorious in the end.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Ballad Concerts opened for the season on November 29. On December 6 the musical critic of the Pall Mall announced that they would commence that evening, and he discussed them at some length, and in his usual superlative style. He made matters little better by writing next day that he had made a mistake, for the Ballad Concerts did not commence until December 13! I can assure my readers that the date I have given is correct. I was there. Mr. Eaton Faning's choir sang charmingly in some part-songs; Miss Evangeline Florence sang "The Gap in the Hedge at Kilmare"; Mr. Plunket Greene some Hungarian melodies; Mrs. Antoinette Sterling, "Listen to the Children"; Mr. Santley, Schubert's "Au die Lerger" and Schumann's "Widmung"; Mrs. Frances Saville, a trashy song by Verdi; Mr. Braxton Smith, Blumenthal's "Evening Song"; Mr. Maybrick his own "Blue-eyed Nancy"; Miss Clara Butt, "The Promise of Life"; and Mr. Philip Newbury, "My Love, my Crown "-and they were all encored. There may have been some exceptions: if so, I have missed them in the general mass.

The second night came off on December 13 The artists were much the same, except that Miss Clara Butt's place was taken by Mrs. Alice Gomez, and that Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mrs. Mary Davies sang. Encores were more than ever the rule; even Mrs. Alice Gomez gaining one, although she sang magnificently, and deserved a better fate. Mr. Maybrick was away ill, and his "Midshipmite" didn't come aboard.

The new Queen's Hall in Langham Place was opened on December 2, by a performance of "The Hymn of Praise." It was not in any respect a notable one, but served its purpose.

On November 28, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given in St. James's Hall in aid of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. Arriving very late I had to content myself with a seat whence nothing could be seen, and cannot therefore say who sang the various solos-with the exception that I know that Miss Anna Williams was principal soprano, and Mr. Santley Elijah. The tenor and contralto must e'en go nameless. The performance was a regular one, Mr. W. H. Cummings keeping sadly strict time during all

THE fame of a "musical prodigy" sometimes lasts through life. Signor Tito Mattei, the pianist, gave his first concert at the age of six, and when twelve was awarded a gold medal by the Pope for playing at the Vatican. He is not Born in Naples, Signor Mattei has spent the best part of his life in England, his first appearance in London taking place close

Music in st. Richolas Gole_Abbey.





T. NICHOLAS COLE-ABBEY is Pro- the north and the other on the southern side, permit fine bracing winds to race round the church and keep the congregation awake during the sultry, sleepy days of December and January.

It is obviously the very left-handedest of compliments to say that this is St. Nicholas and that St. Nicholas is Mr. Shuttleworth. But the reader who is at once alert and profound will have seen ere now that I don't mean that Professor Shuttleworth is so many cartloads of brick, stone and mortar, so arranged as to form an inconvenient and draughty box; that I do mean that he is this draughty box's soul and life. For seven years Mr. Shuttleworth was Minor Canon of St. Paul's. The precise function of a canon is a matter beyond my actual knowledge; but I suspect it is to lie low and say nuffin', leaving everything, be it good or evil-especially if it be the latter-to go on its Mr. Shutt'eworth is not exactly the man to do that. He loves to live in a ferment, and if the ferment is not there he makes it. made it at St. Paul's to such a degree that the sages who keep the finest church in the Metropolis the most useless, thought it worth while to pay a good price to be rid of him. The draughty box (situated, it must be remembered, at their own back-door) fell vacant; the authorities offered it to Mr. Shuttleworth, and went to bed that night, I doubt not, with easy minds, for he accepted it.

When the erstwhile Canon became Rector of St. Nicholas Cole-Hole, and went to preach his first sermon there, he found a fine congregation of six old ladies, one of whom was said to be deaf, another imbecile, a third so illiterate that she thought that the Canon was a firearm to be let off in church, and never came again, whilst

had crowded houses. He is an attractive preacher, as he is an attractive man, and I have no doubt would have his church full if he had no choir, organ, or music of any sort. Mr. Shuttleworth is not a shopman. He does not, for instance, regard his sermons merely as wares that have a certain saleable value. His thoughts spring out spontaneously, in deference to an inner need for expression. That they happen to please people is merely an accident. Another inner need of his was music, and music of the best possible sort; and that music happens to draw people is an accident too. Indeed, popular as Mr. Shuttleworth is, I doubt whether he will go two steps out of his way to seek mere popularity. That, like money and position, is a thing he has never sought. He says, with a certain justifiable pride, that he has never asked for anything for himself, though many things have been offered him. Well, I was saying that music was an inner need of his. Music he determined to have. Choir-boys in the city are rather out of the question, and he determined to have ladies. Ladies he accordingly had from the beginning, and has never had reason to regret his choice. A few are paid, most are voluntary; all obey rules and turn up regularly for rehearsals and performance. There are of course no female men, or Mr. Shuttleworth might have been inclined to try them while he was experimenting; but taking what he could get, his experience with them is the same as with the feminine of his choir. Most of his men have been with him from the beginning. Some are paid, some voluntary.

For a time things were allowed to run on quietly at St. Nicholas, the Sunday work being confined to morning and evening service. But during these years the shut gates of the church lay heavily on Mr. Shuttleworth's conscience. He speculated (mentally) for a long time on the best manner of using his empty building during the Sunday afternoons. At last he hit upon the idea of oratorios. The plan was rapidly put into shape, rapidly carried out, Mr. Shuttleworth himself training the choir. Once begun, the Sunday afternoon oratorios soon became favourites; and, as I have already mentioned, the heroic undergo considerable risks rather than miss one. Of late years the rector and prime mover has been so busy with other schemes (of which more anon) that the training of the choir has fallen chiefly to Mr. H. Cooper, who is also tenor soloist. But that nothing has





been lost thereby is proved by the fact that the choir sings as well as ever it did. Let me give

an account of one of these performances, chosen merely because it was a convenient day for me

to attend church.

When I reached the building on Sunday, December 17, it was crammed to the doors, a number of people preferring to catch rheumatism by sitting on damp umbrella-stands, and others to slowly roast to death on the hot-water pipes, rather than not hear Spohr's "Last Judgment." I was meditating the perilous gallery, when Mr. Shuttleworth detected me, and with little, very little, ceremony, sent me off to his private box-of course I mean pew. The organ begins to voluntarise, the choir enters, and after a few prayers the oratorio commences. Mr. Ralph Norris, organist of the church, is a very able player and renders the overture artistically, with the small exception of playing the introductory grave about ten times too fast. The bass solos are really capitally sung by Mr. Harmer; and Mr. Cooper is such a complete artist that the comparative smallness of his voice is amply compensated for. On this occasion not only was the whole choir thinned by the influenza fiend, but the contralto also had been called away suddenly, her place being taken by Miss Kate Probyn, one of the choristers. Miss Alice Warr, the soprano soloist, is musicianly to one o'clock, an organ recital is given by some

a degree rarely met with in women, and certainly does Spohr's airs and recitatives full justice. The rector of course conducts the choruses with taste and vigour, and they "go" accordingly. The only fault I have to find with the whole performance is, that Mr. Norris has played the accompaniments so often that he has learned to play them badly. His own solos, the two overtures, would be beyond reproach if only he would not play allegro for adagio and presto for grave; but the accompaniments were too loud and did not show nearly enough consideration for the singers. In several places where Spohr has written staccato chords, Mr. Norris gives us legato progressions, and some-times empty bars are filled up all out of the player's own clever head. I am sure I need only call Mr. Norris's attention to this state of affairs for it to be remedied, for he is at heart a genuine artist, though (I suspect) overridden by fads. A collection is taken during the symphony in the middle, Mr. Shuttleworth reminding his congregation that he expects a tidy sum

of money from so many people.

That is really all I need note about the oratorio performances. On other Sundays there are lectures with organ solos and other etceteras, but the proceedings follow much the same pattern as on this occasion. Every Tuesday at organist of reputation, the organ solos being agreeably varied with songs or violin pieces.

Not immediately connected with St. Nicholas Cole-Abbey is the St. Nicholas Club, on the opposite side of Queen Victoria Street, whose motto is "Fellowship is heaven, the lack of fellowship is hell." Numberless, young men and women, Professor Shuttleworth found, came to London and went to the bad for want of somewhere else to go to. So he commenced this club. The subscription is 15s. per annum. There is a drawing-room, billiard-room, library, and a bar where eatables and drinkables of all sorts may be obtained. A large number of members keep the place lively; there are concerts, lectures, dances and other entertainments in the evenings; and the young draper's assistant who prefers a dirty "pub" or low billiard-room to the comfortable surroundings here prepared for him, is a hopeless case and should at once be hanged. The rent is very heavy, and this . and other expenses have for years been a continual drain on Mr. Shuttleworth's private income. To avoid this he has characteristically taken a greater responsibility than ever; he has bought a piece of land at the back of his rectory, and intends leaving-if ever he does leave-the club with a house of its own and nothing to pay but taxes. The cost will be £5,000, and Mr. Shuttleworth will get it.



A Successful Teacher's Experiences.

CHAT WITH MR. T. E. SPINNEY, AT SALISBURY.

HE name of Spinney will be familiar to many readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. Those who are performers upon the king of instruments will be acquainted with the popular compositions for the organ by Mr. Walter Spinney; and the Church music of the Rev. T. H. Spinney, F.C.O., is well known to members and directors of choirs throughout the length and breadth of the land. Other members of the family have made a mark in the artistic world; two of them, one a promising Oxford Mus. Bac., the other an estimable organist, having passed away from our midst.

Mr. T. E. Spinney, the father of this talented family, is a highly respected professor, living in the quiet city of Salisbury, where he has made for himself the reputation of a popular and successful teacher. It was in his cosy study that I recently sat and listened to the story of his life, and an interesting and encouraging story it was. Mr. Spinney, like many others, has found the road to success a hard and stony one

"I have had many difficulties and disappointments to contend with." he said to me: am sure it was only a strong love for my art which gave me courage to struggle, as in the

early part of my life I had to do.'

Mr. Spinney, whose ancestors came to England from the Netherlands, inherited musical tastes from both parents. He was, however, at an early age, sent away from home to live with relatives who had no knowledge of, and very little sympathy with, the divine art. He was from the first determined to be a musician, and the fact that no teacher was to be found within many miles of the village in which he resided, only urged him on in his own unaided exertions to master the elements of the subject which had

such powerful attractions for him.

"I had no piano of my own at first to play upon," said Mr. Spinney. "Sixty years ago, and I am speaking of a period even more remote than that, pianos were not often found in the homes of the middle-class. I used to practise, though, and-how do you think? I made a drawing of the keyboard of a lady's piano, to which I had occasional access. This drawing I placed on a table, and spent many hours in fingering out various pieces of an elementary character upon it. When at length I was able to procure an old instrument of my own, I went to work in real earnest, practising at every available opportunity. I had soon learnt to play all the pieces I possessed, and music was expensive in those days and money scarce. But I found a way of overcoming that obstacle. It struck me that if I could not get other people's works, I could, at least, compose my own. I set to work with one object, that of writing something difficult. I knew nothing, as you may imagine, of the rules of composition, and cared little about 'melody' or 'form.' Practice, practice, practice, was the one end of it all. I piled up all the most unplayable passages I could invent, and then worked away at them with as much energy as the classical enthusiast throws into his study of Bach or Beethoven."

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"Oh no. Musically speaking, they were the veriest trash. But they served their purpose, and kept me going until I was able to increase

opportunity, too, of obtaining some help in my studies, which I was not slow to take advantage of. Then I took a few pupils myself, often walking twenty-four miles to give a single lesson. The money I earned in this way I spent chiefly in occasional visits to London, for no other object than to get instruction from Sir Henry Bishop, to whom I shall always feel indebted for many acts of kindness."

Mr. Spinney played at his own village church when quite a lad, and at once gave evidence of special ability in the manipulation of the organ. His skilful playing was the subject of general remark, and served as an excellent advertisement for the ambitious, but hitherto obscure, young musician. The road to success was now ppening out before him, and at the age of eighteen his prospects were sufficiently good to

permit of his taking a wife.

"The position of a church organist," re-marked Mr. Spinney, "is often a trying one, but the necessary training for such a post is invaluable. It is also in many cases, as it was in my own, a stepping-stone to public recognition. The late Bishop Hamilton, and many others whom I have been able to reckon amongst my most influential friends, would have probably remained strangers to me, had it not been for my work in connection with the Church."

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Many of Mr. Spinney's pupils now occupy important positions. Among others may be mentioned Dr. Harding, of Bedford; Mr. Dowling, organist of Cape Town Cathedral; and Mrs. Beaseley, a well-known teacher in London. To these may be added Mr. Spinney's sons already referred to.

"You have seen the working of the old as well as the new system of teaching, Mr. Spinney," I remarked. "Do you consider the fashionable use of classical music, to the exclusion of all other, to be a benefit?"

"That is a question which should be very carefully answered," was the reply. "On the whole I naturally prefer what is best, and the best music is generally—not always, perhaps—that which we call 'classical.' There can be no doubt that, in order to become a sound player or a real musician, these works must form the basis of all study. But in the present day, when everyone's child is expected to learn music in one form or another, it is worth considering whether pieces of a light character, which require less insight - less comprehension, are not often more suitable and more likely to receive an adequate rendering than the works of the great composers. There is a vast difference of ideal amongst pupils, and, although this is sometimes a matter of training, it is not so always. Notmy stock of the real article. I soon found an withstanding this, all who have the cause of

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"Will you give me your opinion respecting examinations, of which we hear so much just

now?" I asked.
"If you want to know if I believe in examinations, I will answer Yes. They are means to an end. They act as incentives to work, and if there is nothing else to be said in their favour, that alone is sufficient to commend them to a teacher."

"And the various examining bodies?"

"Oh, so long as the examinations are fairly conducted, the names of institutions count for very little. I have met with imperfections where I least expected them. A few years ago a pupil of mine was a candidate at a local examination in connection with an institution which bears the stamp of royalty. She entered and was examined in the junior section, playing, as a matter of course, the pieces selected for that grade. Imagine her astonishment and mine when her name appeared among those who had obtained senior honours'! On another occasion a young lady, who was announced in the calendar of the same institution to have passed, failed to obtain her certificate. On applying to the authorities on her behalf, I was informed that there had been some mistake, and that they could do nothing for her. She never received her cer-

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of popularity.

As a lecturer upon musical subjects, Mr-Spinney was a few years ago in great request, and he has until quite recently been actively before the public as conductor of several important societies. Into the partial retirement which he now seeks, the good wishes of all with whom he has been associated follow him. After the heat and toil of the day, may the evening of life bring rest and quiet!

WALTER BARNETT.

My Dupils.

CHAPTER V.

VARIA.

NE day a lady called upon me at my humble dwelling and engaged me in conversation respecting her two daughters, who had just left school, and required some "finishing lessons" in singing. As I have before observed, these so-called "finishing lessons," as far as my experience went, generally

meant "a fresh start," but this by the way.

"Yes, Professor," said Mrs. Heliotrope, my
visitor, "if you can find time in the midst of your numerous engagements" (yes, reader, Tittletop was at this period quite "a power" in the parish of ---) "to give my two daughters some singing lessons, I should be much obliged."

"Have they had much experience?" I asked. "Oh yes, indeed! they have been learning ome time at school, and we think them very proficient, but perhaps we are a little biased in favour of our own, but, nevertheless, I should like them to continue their studies under you if you could take them.'

"I should like to hear them first."

"Certainly, Professor; when will you call?"

on Mrs. Heliotrope.

Her two daughters, Selina and Daisy, were two highly nervous young ladies, and required a great deal of talking to before they could be prevailed upon to sing, but eventually they did, and I discovered that they possessed really good voices-Selina, a contralto voice of excellent quality, and her sister Daisy a good soprano voice, albeit a little thin, but her high notes were of a pure tone and in great contrast to the fine deep tones of her sister Selina.

Now, what do you think of them, Professor?" "I am quite pleased, Mrs. Heliotrope; they

both have excellent voices!"

"I am glad to hear you say that, Professor. Now, what my husband and I want you to do is to alter their voices, that is to say, as Selina is the elder we think she ought to take the upper part in all the duets. My husband thinks she ought to sing the soprano and Daisy contralto; of course that is only a detail, you can easily manage that, can you not, Professor?"

It was very evident Mrs. Heliotrope's knowledge of "singing as it is sung" was very limited. After a long talk I tried to persuade and convince her of her ludicrous remark. succeeded in converting her a little, but I think she still thinks that as Selina is the elder she ought by right to sing soprano and take the top

I once had a gentleman come to me for some singing lessons who had an admirable voice and a naturally good method of production, but he had one failing-he would act. It mattered not what we were singing, exercises, songs (sacred or secular), he must put action into

He was a dapper little man, brimful of electricity, who bounced and bobbed about my apartment like an indiarubber ball; he was never still: when he was talking to you he would strike all manner of attitudes, clap his hands and tap the floor with his foot, wipe his eye-glasses, pull out his lozenge-box, offer you one and take one himself, adjust his tie. smooth his hair, fiddle about with his rings, look at his watch, stamp his foot, grasp his music, and then prepare for action. There is one composition I particularly recall to my mind, it was "The I will give the first four lines, Bay of Biscay." with action accompanying each line, that my reader may form some sort of notion what a very eccentric pupil this was:

"Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder."

(Hands up to his ears, as if shutting out the sound.)

"The rain a deluge showers,"

(Hands waving up and down, evidently to indicate the falling of rain.)

"The clouds were rent asunder

(A violent separation of hands, as if to show the action of clouds rending.)

" By lightning's vivid powers."

(A quick upward wave of right hand, for the "vivid powers.")

So this kind of thing went on all through the song, and the words:

A sail in sight appears, We hail her with three cheers,"

were accompanied, firstly, by shading his eyes with right hand as if peering into space, and, secondly, by a violent waving of his handkerchief as indicative of jubilation.

But in a pathetic song he would wax very sentimental, endeavouring to look "unutterable But in a pathetic song he would wax very sentimental, endeavouring to look "unutterable love," while his hands would be placed at his will call Mrs. Grundy, to give her daughter philosophy.

I named an hour suitable to both, and called left side as an indication of the position of his heart, though sometimes when he was anxious to give such an indication they would wander to his right side by mistake; but this is a detail.

I reasoned with him, I argued with him, I

did all I could to persuade him not to act, but he would; he said he couldn't help it, so I didn't interfere: it pleased him and amused me, so why should I grumble?

There comes to my recollection a pupil who was most reckless of his H's; he used to fling them about regardless of chandeliers and mirrors, and one's innate susceptibility for the dislike of such ignorant display. I could not cure him, for his fault he wouldn't see. I mildly suggested that it was considered a little vulgar to put H where such was not intended; he quite agreed in the vulgarity of the thing, but could not apply it to himself.

"There is no H in only," I would observe.

"Of course there hisn't, Professor," he would

I was quite unable to convince him; his ignorance, as Gray has said, "was bliss," but whether he deemed it "folly to be wise" I am not prepared to say, seeing he displayed so little wisdom in my presence.

If, on the other hand, Wordsworth was right when he observed :

> "He is oft the wisest man Who is not wise at all,"

then this individual was wisdom personified. This is the kind of thing that would take place in a song which was a great favourite with him :

> "Hi ham thine hown, thine hownly; Hownly thine hown ham hi."

You know, my dear reader, and brotherteacher, this was absolutely a hopeless case.

"Really, sir!" I said on the occasion of his singing the above words, "why, in those last two lines you actually put in eight H's where there was not one intended."

"Height haitches, Professor? Never!"

"You did indeed, sir !"

"Then I must hexercise more discretion!" hich he did by doing it worse than ever.

I had to give him up after a few weekscharge him as hopelessly incurable, and leave him to scatter his aspirates in a direction other than Tittletop's drawing-room.

The matter I am now about to touch upon is of a very delicate nature, and requires a "lightness of pen" which your humble servant, Tittletop, fears he does not possess. it is really the only unpleasant incident that happened to me in my early professional career, and an incident which, at the time it happened, wounded my susceptibilities greatly, though since, I have often laughed over the matter when it has come into my thoughts. The incident, my considerate reader, concerns a lady (I use the word advisedly). Now, the subject of "a lady" is always a delicate matter to write about, especially when one has to say unpleasant things; and I, Tittletop, feel deeply to have to speak it of a sex to which I am so sincere a devotee, but these pages contain my early musical reminiscences, and this is one of them; so Tittletop cries, "Revenge!" his time has come; his weapon is in his hand; now is he about to strike the blow; away with sentiment! to the wind with sophistry! For a few moments his heart is closed to thee, O woman! Tittletop

some pianoforte lessons, and the young lady's name was, we will say, Blanche. Well, Blanche played fairly well, but her tempo was very bad indeed; so in the hope of improving her in this direction I named a duet for her to obtain, as I have generally found the practice of duets good for those who are weak in time.

Alas, that I did! I have never recommended that duet since; I cannot even trust myself to here inscribe its title, so wrathful am I: but I

am anticipating.

Blanche was to look up as much as she could for the next lesson, which duly arrived. Now, in the opening bars the players have to cross hands, and while Tittletop and his pupil were thus innocently engaged the drawing-room door was flung violently open and in bounced stout Mrs. Grundy with a face like a turkey-cock, panting and puffing with anger.

"So I've caught you at last, Mr. Professor, have I?" were her first words, spoken in a coarse

manner.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Grundy!" said I,

feeling very embarrassed; "what do you mean?"
"What do I mean?" said the creature with a sneer; "what do you mean, Mr. Professor Tittletop, by sitting arm in arm with my daughter during her music lesson? how dare

"We were but crossing hands as the music required, Mrs. Grundy," I stammered out, feeling

my position very keenly.

"Pray, Ma dear, do not talk so!" interrupted Blanche; "we were only crossing hands. I'm sure it is very wrong of you to speak to Mr. Tittletop so."

"Of course, Blanche, I don't expect you have any objection to your music master sitting armin-arm with you, but I tell you I have a very strong objection, and I must ask you therefore to leave the room instantly! I can manage this gentleman, I think !" and as poor Blanche left the room Mrs. Grundy accosted me savagely:

"Now, sir, what have you to say to this

liberty?

"I tell you, madam, we were only crossing hands in a duet."

"Crossing hands, indeed! Fudge! fudge Nice excuse, sir! When I was a girl the music then did not require my music master to sit arm-in-arm with me; it's but a lame reason, and I must request you to leave my house instantly !"

I stumbled out of the room and down the steps, feeling very red and awkward, and quite indignant with Mrs. Grundy, but I spoke not a word. I felt very sorry for poor Blanche, who wrote me a most kind letter, which in my grief I valued very much.

Mrs. Grundy sent me a cheque for the term, which I instantly sent back to her without a

I may say this was the first and last money I ever returned in my life, but my pride was touched-I would have none of it.

Tittletop has spoken!

In spite of his eighty years Verdi takes a horseback ride of nearly two hours' duration after dinner every day, and on his return plays a game of cards with some member of his family. All the musical work he does is accomplished during the morning, and he talks as confidently of his next opera as if he were half a century younger than he is. His leisure time, apart from the occupations mentioned above, is devoted to the reading of poetry and

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"Now, what do you think of them, Professor?"
I am quite pleased, Mrs. Heliotrope; they both have excellent voices!"

both have excellent voices!"

"I am glad to hear you say that, Professor. Now, what my husband and I want you to do is to alter their voices, that is to say, as Selina is the elder we think she ought to take the upper part in all the duets. My husband thinks she ought to sing the soprano and Daisy contralto; of course that is only a detail, you can easily

manage that, can you not, Professor?

It was very evident Mrs. Heliotrope's knowledge of "singing as it is sung" was very limited. After a long talk I tried to persuade and convince her of her ludicrous remark. I succeeded in converting her a little, but I think she still thinks that as Selina is the elder she ought by right to sing soprano and take the top

I once had a gentleman come to me for some singing lessons who had an admirable voice and a naturally good method of production, but he had one failing—he would act. It mattered not what we were singing, exercises, songs (sacred or secular), he must put action into them.

He was a dapper little man, brimful of electricity, who bounced and bobbed about my apartment like an indiarubber ball; he was never still: when he was talking to you he would strike all manner of attitudes, clap his hands and tap the floor with his foot, wipe his eye-glasses, pull out his lozenge-box, offer you one and take one himself, adjust his tie, smooth his hair, fiddle about with his rings, look at his watch, stamp his foot, grasp his music, and then prepare for action. There is one composition I particularly recall to my mind, it was "The Bay of Biscay." I will give the first four lines, with action accompanying each line, that my reader may form some sort of notion what a very eccentric pupil this was:

"Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder."

(Hands up to his ears, as if shutting out

"The rain a deluge showers,"

(Hands waving up and down, evidently to indicate the falling of rain.)

"The clouds were rent asunder

(A violent separation of hands, as if to show the action of clouds rending.)

" By lightning's vivid powers."

(A quick upward wave of right hand, for the "vivid powers.")

So this kind of thing went on all through the song, and the words

"A sail in sight appears, We hail her with three cheers,

were accompanied, firstly, by shading his eyes with right hand as if peering into space, and, secondly, by a violent waving of his handkerchief as indicative of jubilation.

But in a pathetic song he would wax very sentimental, endeavouring to look "unutterable sentimental, endeavouring to look "unutterable I had been engaged by a person whom we love," while his hands would be placed at his will call Mrs. Grundy, to give her daughter

There comes to my recollection a pupil who was most reckless of his H's; he used to fling them about regardless of chandeliers and mirrors, and one's innate susceptibility for the dislike of such ignorant display. I could not cure him, for his fault he wouldn't see. I mildly suggested that it was considered a little vulgar to my H where such was not intended; he quite to put H where such was not intended; he qu agreed in the vulgarity of the thing, but could not apply it to himself.

"There is no H in only," I would observe.

"Of course there hisn't, Professor," he would

I was quite unable to convince him; his igno ance, as Gray has said, "was bliss," but whether he deemed it "folly to be wise " I am not prepared to say, seeing he displayed so little wisdom in my presence.

If, on the other hand, Wordsworth was right when he observed :

> "He is oft the wisest man Who is not wise at all."

then this individual was wisdom personified. This is the kind of thing that would take place in a song which was a great favourite with him :

"Hi ham thine hown, thine hownly; Hownly thine hown ham hi."

You know, my dear reader, and brother teacher, this was absolutely a hopeless case.

"Really, sir!" I said on the occasion of his singing the above words, "why, in those last two lines you actually put in eight H's where there was not one intended."

"Height haitches, Professor? Never!"

"You did indeed, sir !"

Then I must hexercise more discretion!" which he did by doing it worse than ever.

I had to give him up after a few weekscharge him as hopelessly incurable, and leave him to scatter his aspirates in a direction other than Tittletop's drawing-room.

The matter I am now about to touch upon is of a very delicate nature, and requires a "lightness of pen" which your humble servant, Tittletop, fears he does not possess. it is really the only unpleasant incident that happened to me in my early professional career, and an incident which, at the time it happened, wounded my susceptibilities greatly, though since, I have often laughed over the matter when it has come into my thoughts. The incident, my considerate reader, concerns a lady (I use the word advisedly). Now, the subject of "a lady" is always a delicate matter to write about, especially when one has to say unpleasant things; and I, Tittletop, feel deeply to have to speak it of a sex to which I am so sincere a devotee, but these pages contain my early musical reminiscences, and this is one of them; so Tittletop cries, "Revenge!" his time has come; his weapon is in his hand; now is he about to strike the blow; away with sentiment! to the wind with sophistry! For a few moments his heart is closed to thee, O woman! Tittletop is angry and full of wrath!

some pianoforte lessons, and the young lady's name was, we will say, Blanche. Well, Blanche played fairly well, but her tempo was very bad indeed; so in the hope of improving her in this direction I named a duet for her to obtain, as I have generally found the practice of duets good for those who are mark in time.

r those who are weak in time. Alas, that I did! I have never recomm that duet since; I cannot even trust myself to here inscribe its title, so wrathful am I; but I

am anticipating.

Blanche was to look up as much as she could Blanche was to look up as much as she could for the next lesson, which duly arrived. Now, in the opening hars the players have to cross hands, and while Tittletop and his pupil were thus innocently engaged the drawing-room door was flung violently open and in bounced stout Mrs. Grundy with a face like a turkey-cock, panting and puffing with a page.

panting and puffing with anger.
"So I've caught you at last, Mr. Professor, have I?" were her first words, spoken in a coarse

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Grundy!" said I, eling very embarrassed; "what do you mean?"
"What do I mean?" said the creature with

a sneer; "what do you mean, Mr. Professor Tittletop, by sitting arm in arm with my daughter during her music lesson? how dare

"We were but crossing hands as the music required, Mrs. Grundy," I stammered out, feeling

my position very keenly.

ray, Ma dear, do not talk so!" interrupted Blanche; "we were only crossing hands. I'm sure it is very wrong of you to speak to Mr. Tittletop so.

Of course, Blanche, I don't expect you have any objection to your music master sitting armin-arm with you, but I tell you I have a very strong objection, and I must ask you therefore to leave the room instantly! I can manage this gentleman, I think!" and as poor Blanche left the room Mrs. Grundy accosted me savagely:

"Now, sir, what have you to say to this

liberty?

"I tell you, madam, we were only crossing hands in a duet.

"Crossing hands, indeed! Fudge! fudge Nice excuse, sir! When I was a girl the music then did not require my music master to sit arm-in-arm with me; it's but a lame reason, and I must request you to leave my house instantly !"

I stumbled out of the room and down the steps, feeling very red and awkward, and quite indignant with Mrs. Grundy, but I spoke not a word. I felt very sorry for poor Blanche, who wrote me a most kind letter, which in my grief I valued very much.

Mrs. Grundy sent me a cheque for the term, which I instantly sent back to her without a word of comment.

I may say this was the first and last money ever returned in my life, but my pride was touched-I would have none of it.

Tittletop has spoken!

In spite of his eighty years Verdi takes a horseback ride of nearly two hours' duration after dinner every day, and on his return plays a game of cards with some member of his family. All the musical work he does is accomplished during the morning, and he talks as confidently of his next opera as if he were half a century younger than he is. His leisure time, apart from the occupations mentioned above, is devoted to the reading of poetry and philosophy.

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Music in the Public Schools.

III.-RUGBY.

OMING to write of Rugby, one's thoughts are of various things and persons. The little Warwickshire town is celebrated only for its school, and the school again is mainly celebrated on account of the foremost position to which it was raised by Dr. Arnold. By his pupils and friends Arnold was held in especial reverence for his high character and commanding influence; and his "Life" by Dean Stanley has long since been numbered among the books which one must read. The school was founded away back in the year 1567, by a certain Lawrence Sheriffe, a native of Rugby, one of the gentlemen of the Princess Elizabeth. and afterwards a grocer and second warden of the Grocers' Company. It was endowed with estates in the neighbourhood of Rugby and in the suburbs of London, but, owing to various circumstances, did not derive its full endowments from these sources until the year 1653. The management of the school has been since that time vested in twelve trustees; and it has now attained to such rank as an educational institution that there are usually about five hundred pupils on its books.

It was at Rugby, one remembers, that "Tom Brown's School Days" were spent. Has Tom, then, anything to tell us about the music of these days? Certainly; and the comparison of fifty years ago with the present time makes the subject interesting enough to bear a rather lengthy quotation.

" 'What's singing?' said Tom.

"'Well, you are jolly green,' answered East.
'Why, the last six Saturdays of every half we sing, of course. No first lesson to do, you know, and lie in bed to-morrow morning."

" 'But who sings?

"'Why everybody, of course; you'll see soon enough. We begin directly after supper, and sing till bed-time. It ain't such good fun now, though, as in the summer half, 'cause then we sing in the little fives court, under the library, you know. We take our tables, and the big boys sit round and drink beer—double allowance on Saturday nights—and we cut about the quadrangle between the songs, and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave. But this half we only sing in the hall.'"

Supper, we are told by Mr. Hughes, came in due course at seven o'clock, consisting of bread and cheese and beer, which was all saved for the singing, and directly afterwards the fags went to work to prepare the hall. By-and-by the big boys dropped in and took their seats, bringing with them bottled beer and their songbooks; for, although they all knew the songs by heart, it was the thing to have an old manuscript book, descended from some departed hero, in which they were all carefully written out. The sixth-form boys had not yet appeared; so to fill up the gap an interesting and time-honoured ceremony was gone through. Each new boy was placed on the table in turn and made to sing a solo, under the penalty of drinking a large mug of salt and water if he resisted or broke "However, the new boys all sing like nightingales to-night, and the salt water is not in requisition; Tom, as his part, performing the old west-country song of 'The Leather Bottel,' with considerable applause. The glasses and mugs are filled, and then the fugleman strikes up the old sea-song :

A wet sheet and a flowing sea, And a wind that follows fast--

which is the invariable first song in the school-house, and all the seventy voices join in, not mindful of harmony, but bent on noise, which they attain decidedly, but the general effect isn't bad. And then follow 'The British Grenadiers,' 'Billy Taylor,' and other vociferous songs in rapid succession, including 'The Chesapeake and Shannon.' During the pauses the hottledbeer corks fly rapidly, and the talk is fast and merry, and the big boys-at least all of them who have a fellow feeling for dry throats—hand their mugs over their shoulders to be emptied by the small ones who stand round behind. . . . Halfpast nine struck in the middle of the performance of 'Auld Lang Syne,' a most obstreperous proceeding, during which there was an immense amount of standing with one foot on the table, knocking mugs together, and shaking hands, without which accompaniments it seems impos sible for the youth of Britain to take part in that famous old song. The under-porter of the school-house entered during the performance. He was hailed with shouts. 'Bill, you old muff, the half-hour hasn't struck.' 'Here, Bill, drink some cocktail.' 'Sing us a song, old boy.' There was a violent effort to strike up Billy Taylor' for the third time. The circle broke up, each collaring his own jug, glass, and song-book The lower-passage boys carried off their small tables, aided by their friends; while, above all, standing on the great hall-table, a knot of untiring sons of harmony made night doleful by a prolonged performance of 'God save the King. Such was the Rugby of "Tom Brown's School The old customs described here have almost entirely gone, though we believe the practice of getting the new boys to sing a song is still kept up.

Up to the beginning of the present century music, as a school institution, was almost nonexistent at Rugby. The boys attended the parish church; they had neither chapel nor organist of their own; and even when music was taken up it was so little of a success that a paid choir had to be engaged. It is a long time to look back upon; and yet music at Rugby is still an "extra" subject, not to be arranged for until the regular school work is settled. ? Practically, of course, this means that a boy takes his music lesson in play hours; and even then he has only one lesson of an hour's duration weekly. If he takes up the piano he is rather handicapped from the circumstance that at Rugby there is no practising school. It would be out of the question to play while his fellows were at their studies in the house; and so the only practice the pianoforte pupil can secure is a little in certain of the class-rooms. The truth is that the interests of the place are too manifold to allow of much attention being given to music. In addition to the ordinary lessons and the ordinary games, there are an architectural society, a natural history society, a debating society, a rifle corps, a gymnasium, a swimming bath, a cycling club, an art museum, a library, a workshop for technical training, and one knows not what else besides. Unless a boy is very musically inclined, it is easy to see that his interests will lie elsewhere; and although there have certainly been instances of the encouragement of special talent, the effect of making music an optional study, and of giving even a singing lesson only to those who can already sing a little has not been very beneficial. Why not make vocal music, at least, a part of the regular curriculum?

The staff of music teachers at Rugby is headed by Mr. Basil Johnson, B.A., a son of the late Dean of Wells. Mr. Johnson was a brilliant student of the Royal College of Music, which he left some years ago to go direct to his present appointment. He has the entire business management of his department, and he is choir-

trainer, conductor, organist, piano-teacher, and director of music at the daily service, all rolled into one. Speaking to a previous writer on the subject, Mr. Johnson declared his objection to giving a boy who is studying the piano very many technical exercises. He never gives studies like those of Cramer, but writes out to suit the individual pupil a few simple little passages for technique. Books of studies, he thinks, are useless, because there is no time for them. There are very few absolute beginners at Rugby, perhaps one in a year. Mr. Johnson looks at the music of the new boys and finds out what they like. If they have had classical music he gladly continues their course; but if they have had lighter music he starts with some thing light, and gradually takes them, if possible, to better things. Some boys, however, will never be fit for classical music, and one has to make the best of a bad job. The ordinary boy likes pieces with distinct rhythms, and for the sake of progress it is well to interest him with such pieces. The boys have generally been shown the value of the notes, but it takes them a long time to read a new piece, as they have not been taught properly. Mr. Johnson's rule is to "make the fellows puzzle out the notes," however slowly, from the music. He gets the music for the boys, and gives the fully-fingered Hallé edition in cases where classical music will be acceptable. For beginners some of the most successful pieces have been the sonatinas and short pieces of Gurlitt, and Clementi's easy sonatinas. Beringer's characteristic pieces are found to be good for instruction, being effective, and very carefully written. For the advanced players Mr. Johnson gives, of course, Beethoven's easier sonatas and some of Mendelssohn's, using Peters' edition of these, and other standard works. Organ pupils are a comparatively new feature, and they are all enthusiastic, and playing the best class of music on the excellent instru-ment in the new big school. They begin with Stainer's "Primer," and go on to Bach's eight easy preludes and fugues, the easy movements of Mendelssohn's sonatas, Rheinberger's trios, etc. Mr. Johnson himself gives an organ recital every Sunday after morning service. These recitals are much enjoyed by the boys, and as Mr. Johnson lays his foundation on Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn, there is no fear of his hearers' musical tastes being vitiated.

The music-master's principal assistant is Mr. A. Pettersson, who has been something like twenty-six years at Rugby. He is a first-rate violinist, having been a pupil of Ferdinand David at Leipzig; but he plays every stringed instrument in orchestral use, most of the wood wind and brass instruments, and the piano, as a matter of course. A good deal of this varied accomplishment is lost at Rugby; for, as a rule, the boys stick to piano, violin, and organ, the great majority, besides, choosing the first-named instrument.

There is no singing-class for the whole of the boys, but every newcomer has his voice tested with a view to possible assistance in the choir. The results of this testing are not so encouraging as one might suppose. The requirements only extend to the imitation of a note sounded on the piano, ability to sing octaves from various pitches, and the possession of what the boys themselves might call a "fairly decent" voice. A good many lads, however, cannot even imitate a sound that is given them; while, as to voices, it is but too frequently found that these are much more suitable for the football field than for the choirbenches. At the opening of each term the older boys are invited to have their voices tried in the interests of the choir, but the invitation seldom brings out recruits.

There is a capital organ by Bryceson in the

Magazine of Music.

chapel, with an open 32-feet stop on the pedal. The instrument is built on the electric system, and stands in the chamber adjoining the chancel, while the console is in the middle of the building. This arrangement places the organist somewhat at a disadvantage for recital purposes; and, indeed, Mr. Johnson complains of the reverberation and the indistinctness of rapid fugal work. The service in the chapel is plain and simple. The pointing is that of "The Magdalen Psalter," and the hymns, tunes, and chants are found in collections specially prepared for the use of the school. The responses are monotoned, and the canticles are, as a rule, sung to chants. The singing is hearty, without being anything like general, the most of the work being left to the large choir of close upon a hundred voices.

Of miscellaneous music there is a good deal at Rugby. Mr. Johnson has his "Glee Club," which meets for practice once a week, and is made up of the pick of voices in the school. Musical evenings are frequently organised by Mr. A. E. Donkin, one of the house-masters, and these do much to encourage the taste for good music. The school concerts are given in July and December, when the vocal work is sustained by the chapel choir, with string band and organ for accompaniment. The programme is generally made up of a connected work or selections from some of the oratorios, with a miscellaneous selection for the second part. Much first-class music has been heard from time to time at these concerts, and there is every prospect of their continued success. If only the curriculum of the school could be extended so as to place the teaching of music on a regular footing with the other studies, encouraging at the same time a wider selection of orchestral instruments by the boys, the music at Rugby would become quite as good as that of some sister institutions. As it is, the music-masters show plenty of energy in their work, and have all the success that the

The Gomposition of the Month.

"POLISH FANTASIA" AND SIX SONGS, BY PADEREWSKI.

GAIN there are no compositions to which one can conscientiously devote an entire article; again, therefore, I propose to fill up this page by discussing smaller works.

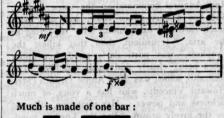
It is a fatal fact, as many of us find out too late, that in this age when specialism is the rule and Jacks-of-all-trades are heartily believed to be masters of none, one cannot make a little reputation in one line without it proving a fatal barrier to success in any other. succeeds like success" may be true, provided you stick to one thing. Just in proportion, however, as people know you have succeeded in journalism, piano-playing, company-promoting, will it be difficult to persuade them that you are also an able, practical politician, a composer of power, or a thorough scoundrel. Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley discovered the first, Mr. Jabez Balfour the last, Mr. Paderewski the second. Ultimately, Mr. Jabez Balfour had distinction thrust upon him: the accidental smash of the Liberator brought him fame which he had never sought, and could well have dispensed with: but the others, having done some-thing or nothing, have found it hard to make the world believe they can do anything else.

The alert and sagacious reader has long since

foreseen what I am leading up to. I will, therefore, only complete my little edifice by saying that Mr. Paderewski, having made a world-wide reputation as a pianist, etc. Now, if the manyaded makes a mistake on the one side, w the elect, the superior few, make an equally great mistake on the other. On the whole, I believe the blind instinct of the many-headed is right: that it is only in remarkably exceptional cases that a man who has for years concentrated his whole energies on doing one thing perfectly, will be able to repeat the process on some other The question with regard to Mr. Paderewski is, Is he a composer or is he not? There is no connection between the gift for composition and virtuosity. Some composers-Bach Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Spohr, Mendelssohnhave been equally great as creative and interpretative artists; others — Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner—did not play better than the average music-teacher-Berlioz and Wagner a great deal worse. There is no rule. I mention this here because of the wide-spread though insane belief that "most of the great composers" were not great performers. leader-writer of the halfpenny evening papers is fond of mentioning this; and then he trots out John Smith, Charles Jones, Robert Brown, as proofs of the theory that great creative is opposed o great interpretative power. Let me repeat, there is no rule: there is no reason why we should be prejudiced this or that way beforehand. Let us, then, with unbiased judgment examine Mr. Paderewski's claims.

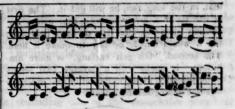
The Polish Fantasia, written for the last Norwich Festival, is a work in one movement, but the many changes of time have led analytical programme-makers to imagine that it can be regarded as in three movements, which it cannot. The same themes persist from beginning to end

Thus it opens. The piano follows with some lively passages, and the whole is repeated. Then a soft phrase (chiefly made of bar 2), is played with for some little time, leading to:



which is "worked" vigorously throughout the greater portion of the fantasia. One more theme follows, commencing thus:





To get done with theme-quoting at once, I give that of the three-four time section:



and of the concluding portion of the work :



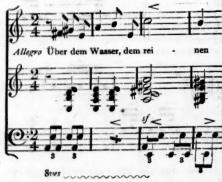
These, then, are Mr. Paderewski's principal He "works" them all in precisely identical fashion, i.e., gives them to various instruments in turn, while the piano flourishes up and down in jingling arpeggios and screaming chromatic scales. It must be acknow-ledged that the subjects have energy: that they have the true quality which entitles them to be classed with the music of the masters must be most emphatically denied. Their individuality is due, not to their special beauty, nor to the emotion with which they are charged, but to the fact that they are full of "local colour." When we examine this colour we come across an astounding fact. It is not Polish at all, but Hungarian! Did the shade of Liszt look over the composer's shoulder while he was painting his brilliant show-piece, or did the composer dip his brush in the wrong paintpot? However produced, the result is there: a veritable Hungarian rhapsody for piano and orchestra, having no more merit than the usual run of such things. A word must be said about the scoring. It is picturesque enough, but very frequently much too noisy; so much so that three pianos could hardly be heard through the din of fiddles, flutes, clarinets, trombones, triangles, drums, cymbals, and tambourine. Consequently, when Mr. Paderewski played his piece we frequently saw him working most furiously without our being able to hear a (piano) note.

After the concerto it is refreshing to turn to the little volume of songs, published by Messrs. Wilcocks and Co. Here at last we see the composer coming, but he is still a fair distance away. Still, he here shows that he knows what he wants to be at, and I have no doubt now

that, in the long run, he will get it. The first of the six is a lovely melody, that grows immensely upon you after two or three hearings; but it would hardly be fair to quote it here The second, "Ich geh' entlang," is more ambitious. It opens with a passage that seems to be intended as an imitation of the dulcimer or some analogous instrument.



The voice then enters with a broad, noble melody, after which the ritornello is played These two songs again, and so on. idea much like the Harper's Songs in "Wilhelm Meister": in the first the singer tells of the tears one sheds to think over the early days— it is "Tears, idle tears again"—in the second he describes how he wanders from village to village, all the people coming out to hear him sing, and amongst them not one who understands him. And she who does understand him, etc. The rest are pure love-songs. Passing over dainty No. 3, in the next the true note of passion is struck



At No. 5 we drop into Hungarian rhythms, but the concluding song is not dependent upon any such dodges for its effect. It is effective, and not for any extrinsic reason; but simply because it is true music, and expresses in beautiful language a healthy emotion. It would not help, however, to quote from it

So that after my long balancing of probabilities at the beginning, after my condemnation of the "Polish Fantasia," I must, after all, admit that the many-headed has been in part proved wrong about Paderewski. When he has wasted some dozens of reams of music-paper he will at last, I believe, acquire the trick, which he has not yet acquired, of expressing himself in the language of music-the finest language in the world, and the only one to express subtleties of

I. F. R.

Music in South Africa.

E have been having a heavy "southeaster" here for nearly four days and nights, and the air is blindingly full of dust, stones, and other deleterious matter, which is driven right into you, in fierce gusts, whichever way one may turn. One may truly say, after passing along any street, that he is possessed of "real grit," in large measure. The sky is brilliantly fine, both by day and night; but over the whole length of the top of

into the upper air, taking darker shades here and there lower down the face of the mountain. This cloud, if you observe it closely, is always in motion, rapidly dissolving into thin air, and yet being so constantly replenished that the whole mass seems stationary, and never to decrease in volume. On Saturday afternoon I was out at a cricket match, at Newlands, as G. Lohmann, the great Surrey bowler, was to play. Here we were at the back of the mountain, and one could mark the great masses of cloud, hurrying up in regiments and battalions from the sea, to expend themselves against the great ramparts of rock, and hurl themselves over the top, or creep round the sides. The effect at night is very fine, with a brilliant moon sailing overhead in the " blue," and making the mountain cloud shine like masses of snow. The planets, too, Venus and Jupiter, seem to blaze in the purified atmosphere. When the wind drops it will become breathlessly hot, as is always the case after the air has been so purified by a south-easter. There is a Miss Nellie Ganthony here, who has come out for her health, and who is described as a Corney Grain and George Grossmith in petticoats. She took very well, I hear, on Saturday, her opening night. So also did "Pinafore," at the Opera House, where they had a number of blue-jackets from the flag-ship on the stage, to add to the wonderfully realistic effect of the ship's quarter-deck. Did you see the photo, in the Pall Mail, some time ago, of that wonderful cheque, drawn in Kimberley, to buy up one of the diamond companies, £5,368,750? I had the original cheque in my hands the other day. It was a curiosity, yet I didn't feel awe-stricken, and would rather have had a £10 note to keep.

Last night I attended at the new "Good

Hope" Hall to hear the combined choirs give the oratorio of "St. Paul." This was really the dedication ceremony for the new building, which is the finest concert hall in South Africa. The place is capable of holding a thousand people, and on this occasion it was crowded to the doors, all but some fifty seats being reserved." An additional platform had been built up on each side, and in front of the regular stage, for the chorus singers and orchestra, numbering over 300 altogether. The regular drop scene had been drawn right up, and a somewhat sombre arrangement of flags-in which the English flag did not appear-formed a background to the stage. The soprano solos were taken by Mrs. Bedford, the wife of the Rear-Admiral commanding the Cape station. She has a very sweet voice, and sang with much care and expression. Her rendering of rotes and expression. Her rendering of the aria, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets," was particularly good, her upper notes being clearly and easily reached. The contralto soloist was Miss Annie Griffith (Mrs. Howard Vincent), who has a voice of much richness and power. Her recitative, followed by the lovely arioso, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," was beautifully rendered, and vociferously applauded, on which an exception was made to the rule, and the arioso was repeated, to the great delight of the audience. Mr. Vernon Reid took the tenor solos of the first part. He was in good voice, and his recitative, "Men, brethren, and fathers," was dramatically rendered. A Mr. Stapleton took the tenor solos in the second part, and has a very fair voice, better in the higher than in the lower notes. The duettino, "Now are we ambassadors," was excellently given. The bass solos were taken by Dr. Murray, who is more of a baritone than bass. His voice seemed the mountain there is a vast white cloud, like hardly powerful enough for so large a place, huge masses of white wool, reaching high up but he sang with much expression. His best

numbers were, the aria, "O God, have mercy and the recitative, upon me," do ye these things?" together with the duettino before mentioned. The members of the chorus proved to be well in hand, and were well balanced. The bassos were now and then a trifle uncertain in attack, but generally the choruses were given with much spirit. "Stone him to death" was given with the requisite amount of fire and energy. I might also mention particularly, "Rise up! arise!" "The nations now are the Lord's," and the final one, "Not only unto Him." The chorals were well rendered, though I thought a little more attention to the lights and shades might perhaps have been given. Still, they were in perfect "Sleepers, wake !" with its accompanytime. ing trumpet call, was most stirring. The orchestra was well up to the mark, as usual, and included the organ accompaniment by Mrs. Barrow Dowling, wife of the painstaking conductor of these festivals, who may be congratulated on having scored a great success. The audience was a highly appreciative one, and as usual, the Governor and his party, together with the Admiral and his officers,

How to Practise.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATINA.

O one is quite sure whether this little piece is by Beethoven, or by someone else of the same name, or by someone of a different name. There is not the slightest need to puzzle over the matter. Unto him that hath shall be given. Beethoven, having a great reputation, must be given the credit for this too.

It is a charming sonatina, and quite suited for the fingers of my most minute readers.

First of all you must practise the bass.

When it is learnt you may begin the treble, and try to get the scale in the second bar quite smooth, and the other little hard places right. Then try both hands together, and get the softs" and "louds" just as Beethoven wanted them played.

The third and fourth lines of the Rondo are rather difficult for the right hand, which must be practised slowly and carefully for a long

Then, when you turn over, you will find the third line rather hard for the left hand.

There are six bars which must be made to ing just like a beautiful voice.

On the fifth line you will find a pause-mark; from there try to lead neatly into the time of the rondo, and finish up nicely.

"WINTERLIED.

This is the Swedish version of the song that is to be found in every language. Mendels-sohn's music suits it admirably. You must not be too, too dramatic. But, beginning very softly at the last stave on page 6, lead up to the big climax in the second bar of the next page, and then "let yourself go," that is, be matic in "but he returned no more." Technically, the song is an easy one.

"PARTING AND MEETING."

Technically, this song is easy too. The refrain (bars 5 and 6) must be sung in your thinnest voice, but not too sentimentally. And don't "shout" when you come to the last verse. Just as the first three verses must not maudlin, so the last must not be loud out of

SCHURERT'S "AVE MARIA."

This famous song is a most difficult one to sing. How often have I heard the crescendo in that first bar (voice part) so overdone as to sound like a dozen of the feline race on the midnight roof! There should be a crescendo, but by no means a great one, and the diminuendo (from the C until the A flat) must be gradual and perfectly even. From the words "Ah, listen!" (line 3) until the B flat at the word "amid" (last bar on page) there must be a steady crescendo; on the words "amid despair" there must be a rapid, but graduated crescendo. To the words, "Safe may we sleep until the morrow," a phrase of perfect loveliness is given. It must be sung with the utmost tenderness. Then the feeling "works up" until the words "a suppliant child." The last phrase in each verse is to be sung in exactly the same way as the first. Rules for taking breath are difficult to give. Indeed, there are so many rests in this song, that there need never be any struggling and gasping. Of course you will take one after the word "wild" on the bottom line, and, but only if necessary, before "amid."

Archdeacon Sinclair on Thurch Grehestras.

HE fact of Archdeacon Sinclair having thrown his great weight in on the side of those who wish for more and better music in the church is of the very last importance. In his paper, read at the recent conversazione of the Westminister Choral Society, and printed in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC last month, he declared himself in favour of the orchestra in church. Archdeacon Sinclair does not, like Professor Shuttleworth, belong to the High Church party; and his arguments therefore will carry conviction to many of the clergy who are afraid of too much music, because it savours of Rome. Knowing this, I called upon him at the Chapter House in St. Paul's Churchyard the other day, and he most obligingly went into the question more fully than was convenient in a brief paper. The conversation, like a sermon, was good enough to divide naturally into two parts; first, the use of orchestras in church; second, the question of what music orchestras should play in church. I first asked Mr. Sinclair if he was in favour of every church having its orchestra.

He replied that, as a general rule, he was, Though," he continued, "I am inclined to think that it will do more good in the betterclass churches than in those of poorer districts. But even that opinion may need modification. I know a church in Holloway where Sundayafternoon services are held for men. They have a small band with a few cornets to lead the hymns, and the effect is really magnificent. Then, at my own church of St. Stephen's, Westminster, in the midst of a very poor neighbourhood-mostly unskilled labourwe had six or seven oratorio performances in the course of the year, and these were very well attended." a momentary pause, "Yes, I am decidedly in favour of the orchestra in church. There can be no argument against it. The Jewish services were made beautiful by the best musicians of the day, and if in that example the most modern instruments were used, I don't see why we should

"In what way, then, would you advise the orchestra to be used?"

But is in its proper place in the case of set 'Te Deums,' and other portions of the service." "Would you recommend large orchestras or

small ones, Mr. Sinclair?" I ask

That is a question, which, like most matter of detail, must be allowed to work itself out," replied Archdeacon Sinclair. "Still, on the whole, it seems to me the smallest possible ought to be the rule, on the grounds (1) that a large number of efficient players will be difficult to find, and (2) that a large number will be apt to distract the attention of the congregation, where a small orchestra would not as it would be kept to a great extent concealed."

"One of the difficulties urged against the orchestra in church," I continued, "is that it cannot be kept out of sight, and that when in sight it cannot behave itself.

"The latter is only too true. But that may be because of the novelty. Good influences would result in good behaviour. But it would be a great deal better if we could have our organs and orchestras in the west gallery, where they used to be. In the chancel there is not room for them, and they do not help the congregation to sing, as the sound comes all from one p In the gallery there would be this additional advantage, that women could assist in the services, which at present they cannot without some difficulty. The organ at least should be there, with an electric communication down to the consol in the chancel, so that the organist can be amongst his choir. This is done at a Parish Church in Yorkshire, by my relative, Mr. Alexander Boswell, who gave the organ and plays it."

"You would not object, of course, to the more frequent performance of oratorios in which the orchestra could take part?"

"Certainly not, in the towns where skilled artists can be procured. But the orchestra should always be good, for an inferior one is almost worse than an inferior organist, playing on an inferior organ. An orchestra sufficient for the purpose would be fourteen or sixteen players, composed of strings and wood-wind."

Don't you think that if villagers were to take up the study of instruments with a view to forming a church orchestra, it might be in every way a good thing?"

Most decidedly I do. They would require, of course, to be taught. But it would be a most instructive way of passing the long winter

I now branched off into the question of the result of orchestras coming into vogue in churches. If my readers think I conducted the interview in much too catechism-like a fashion. I may inform them that Archdeacon Sinclair, knowing that I wanted to know his views on certain subjects, most kindly allowed me to pump" him. I have condensed my que into the shortest possible space, thus making them rather abrupt-too like those of a junior barrister cross-examining his first witness

"Dr. Hopkins once remarked that, were orchestras once established in church, there would be a fine opening for special short oratorios or cantatas for church use. rou be of this opinion?"

"It has always been my opinion, that just as the German school of oratorio developed from the music required for church use, so the result of the general introduction of orchestras here would result in an English school. New works would be required, for the oratorios of Handel and Bach are both too long and too difficult for common use, and it is better to do simple music well, than classical music middling well."

During the time I had been interviewing Mr. Chestra to be used?"

Sinclair, the appalling number of people who had wanted to see him had shown me how an Archdeacon's time may be wasted. So on the tenth or eleventh card coming in, I felt it my place to go. I have given my readers a very indistinct idea (I am afraid) of Archdeacon Sinclair's style of conversation. It is clear, forcible, and at the same time gentle; every word being carefully chosen; every sentence reminding one of the remarkable preaching power that Mr. Sinclair possesses.

From the débris, so to speak, of the conversation, the following may be of interest to my readers, being indirectly connected with the main subject.

"Women in choirs are difficult to manage, because they are accustomed to be humoured and treated as pretty toys, especially those of the lower middle-class. Those who are thoroughly well educated, however, will be found perfectly manageable.

"I have no objection to women singing solos or in choruses in church, provided they dress quietly, and are not more conspicuous than

"I don't think the orchestra will ever supersede the organ, nor do I think it advisable that

"While the organ is bound to our church' service by every association, the orchestra has this advantage—that there you get a smaller or larger number of men uniting their genius to the one great end."

The Choice of Dongs.

N the October issue (p. 219) an article on "The Choice of Songs" was given. It was our intention then to publish in the next number lists of about half a dozen songs from each of the great composers, and every song warranted not to spoil the weakest voice. It was a magnificent idea-one, however, which did not work out well in practice. For, in truth, there are very few songs of which one may say that, however sung, they will not spoil the voice. Moreover, so many editions of the great masters are in circulation, and the songs are printed in so many keys, that we found it would be necessary to warn the young vocalist of the various dangers. Our plan, therefore, has been amended. As opportunities ofler we will give lists of a few songs for beginners, and also the necessary warnings. This will not be How to practise, but How not to practise. This month we begin with Schu-

(1) "Devotion" ("Widmung"). This should be sung in no higher key than G flat for sopranos, and E for contraltos. The rocky place is in bars 8 and 9; the voice should never be allowed to go loose there

(2) "The Nut Tree" ("Der Nussbaum") is a safe song if sung in no higher key than F.

(3) "I Sit Alone" (" Sitz 'Ich Allein") is also a safe, but it is not an attractive, song. The best key is E.

(4) "Somebody" ("Jedman") is an attractive song; also a safe one. The best key is D.
(5) "The Lotus Flower." Key is D.

"To the Sunshine" ("An den Sonnenschein") should never be sung higher than in A. In this key care must be taken not to scream at bar 8; the rest of the song lies in the lower register of the voice, but if sung softly and without any forcing will form a useful study.

These songs are (with the exception of "Widmung") amongst the easier ones. We will follow with a more difficult selection.



Madame Dila Glay.

THEATRE in the day-time is not generally a lively or cheerful place, but the scene presented by Covent Garden Theatre on the morning of the Saturday before Christmas Day could certainly not be accused of any lack of interest or excitement. All was bustle, movement, and, to the uninitiated, confusion. When I stated that I had called to see Madame Lila Clay on behalf of the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, I was taken across the mysterious regions at the back of the stage, where painting and carpentering were going on, to the parquet, where I was invited to take a seat in the front row of pit stalls. The stage was empty for the moment, but in the gallery at the back the sixty members of the ladies' orchestra were to be seen, having just been accorded half an hour's interval from the business of rehearsal for luncheon. Two or three of the young musicians (I overheard one of them say that she would soon have attained the advanced age of fourteen!) had come down into the auditorium, and were laughing and chatting together over their sandwiches. They seemed in excellent spirits, and not at all nervous at the work that lay before them.

I was told that Madame Clay, the conductor

of the ladies' orchestra, was very busy, but would contrive to give me a few minutes of her precious time. When she appeared she informed me that she was nearly out of her mind with work, worry and anxiety, but it was evident that her worries had not affected her temper, for she soon began to laugh over her difficulties as though they were nothing more than a good joke after all. Madame Clay began by telling me that she had absolutely nothing to tell, and, unlike the majority of the interviewed, she seemed much less interested in the details of her own career than in those of the work upon which she is at present engaged. She hastily informed me that she had received her musical training at the London Academy, where she was prize medallist; that she had been conducting a ladies' orchestra off and on for the last ten years, at the Opéra Comique, the Aquarium, and other places, but that she had never had so large a force under her command as during her present engage-

"How did you learn to conduct?" I inquired. "I don't know," she returned carelessly. "It seemed to come naturally. Nobody taught

"Do you train your instrumentalists yourself?" I asked

"I rehearse them myself, and select or arrange the music for them. They are all English, or rather British," she went on, in reply to further questions, and mostly very young. They play wind instruments, cornets, clarionets, etc., as well as stringed instruments. That is a most beautiful little violinist," nodding at one of the girls near us.

"What sort of music are you playing here?" I asked.

"Oh, selections," she replied. "Dance music. operatic music, and accompaniments to the animals' performances. The latter is what makes me so anxious, as Mr. Holland, who superintends the whole performance, is ill, and everything seems at sixes and sevens without him. Besides, we have only one rehearsal with all the animals, and you don't know how difficult it is to accompany them. I was told it

would be the easiest thing in the world, but, on the contrary, it is one of the most difficult tasks I ever tried."

"What do the animals do?" I asked. "I know that a baboon rides a bare-backed donkey, because I have seen the pictures of it."

"Yes," she replied enthusiastically, "that is a splendid turn; but there are all kinds of animals, and they do the most wonderful tricks. There are performing elephants, bears, foxes, a bull, the wrestling lion, and a performing pig. People will hardly believe that these wild beasts are real; they think they are men dressed up. Then, besides the big creatures, there are mice, rats, ducks, geese, snakes, etc. It is so strange to see cats, rats, mice, and canaries all on the same rope; the cats look up so longingly at the mice."

"And you have to accompany all these tricks?" I said.

"Yes; and what is more, we have to accompany the musical elephants and cats when they play tunes."

"But they don't really play, do they?" I asked in amazement.

"Indeed they do, on the sleigh bells. The elephants play the Viennese waltz, and the cats play 'Home, Sweet Home'; and with only one rehearsal it's no easy matter to keep in time with them."

"Do you play any of your own compositions? I asked.

"Yes, we play the gavotte out of 'La Cigale," which is mine, and then I have arranged a burlesque of the intermezzo out of 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' and introduced the melody of 'Three Blind Mice.' That we play while the mice are performing. It really is rather funny, and is sure to make people laugh."

It was evident that the lady-conductor enjoyed a joke, and took both pleasure and interest in her work, in spite of some little drawbacks.

"The worst of it is that I'm dreadfully nervous," she said, "and I'm really afraid of the animals."

"But you're well out of their way perched up in your gallery," I said.

"Indeed we are not?" she answered with a little shiver. "I assure you the elephants' backs are almost on a level with us."

At this moment a troupe of performing dogs appeared on the stage, and began to go through their tricks. Like all accomplished animals, they evidently took a great pride in their performance, and kept up a joyful and excited barking all the time, as though they were applauding their own and each other's feats.

"I don't think it will matter much where our pauses come in," Madame Clay called to the trainer. "No one will be much the wiser."

As she accompanied me across the back of the stage she pointed out a scene representing a miniature railway station with a bookstall.

"There's a turn called the rats' excursion," she said. "A hundred rats go in a train drawn by a real engine, and that is their station. They have a refreshment buffet as well as a bookstall. The snakes are in there," she added, as we passed two big boxes; "and there is the apparatus for the performing cats."

After thanking her for all the information she had given me, I now took leave of Madame Lila Clay, with the remark that the children of London little knew what a treat was preparing for them in the production of "Noah's Ark."

Margy Bayne's Wedding Day. BY ALEC. J. DAWSON.

"Tra-lal-lal-la! tra-lal-lal-la! My Hal is com . - · ing here to-day !"

O sang pretty Margy Bayne from her open bedroom window in the old house Jasper's Brush, in New South

"Lal-lal-lal-lum! lal-lal-lal-lum! My Hal, him comin' here t'-day!"

So squeaked Mary, the old gin (aboriginal roman), who for years had attended on Miss Margy, and who of late had become quite accustomed to hearing her young mistress warble these and a few other lines to the tune of "The Silver Cup.

Margy was the only daughter of a wealthy squatter, whose station was in the Bega district, but who kept the pretty, rambling old house in Jasper's Brush, because he thought station life would be too lonely for the pretty dainty girl whom he loved so well. Margy's mother had died during her daughter's infancy, so there was a housekeeper at "The Wattles," and Mr. Baynes used to drive up from his station—a distance of sixty miles-to spend Friday, Saturday, and Sunday in each week with his daughter.

A year before this story opens her engagement to Hal Ralston, of the Lands Department in Sydney, had been announced, and at each fresh visit from her handsome sweetheart, Margy seemed to bloom into fuller womanhood and more complete beauty. True, there had been very little sadness in her bright young life, but remembering that, one could not but love the sweet-tempered, merry, smiling girl as she stood at her window on that lovely midsummer's day, singing with joy of her lover's approach.

It was the day which all the world over eems to be known as Christmas Eve, and on the next day—greatest of all festivals—she was to be married. Sweet was the fragrance of the wattle-blossom, musical was the 'owing of the cows that were being driven down the lane to pasture, and bright was the sunshine of Australian summer, as she watched for the buggy which had been sent to meet young Ralston come rattling along the dusty road. Margy was waiting on the broad, shady veranda, and Ralston stood holding her in his arms almost before the smartly trotting pony had come to a standstill.

Mr. Baynes was secretly rather disappointed that Margy was not to marry a man of higher position than that held by Hal Ralston, but he could not help liking the young fellow, and, as he often told himself, his girl had plenty of money, and the young couple honestly loved one another.

So Ralston was warmly welcomed by the household, and sitting over luncheon in the cool, shady morning room, he was able to tell his future father-in-law of certain improvements in his prospects. In the afternoon dressmakers, tradesfolk, and various other people who take part in the preparations which are thought necessary for a wedding, were all told to wait, and Margy went out for a drive with her sweetheart. Slowly they wound along the Cambewarra road and over the mountain into the Merroo valley. Then Ralston tied the horse (an old favourite) to a tree by the side of the track, and the happy pair wandered away



hand in hand through the darkened scented

"Just fancy, Margy dear, this is the last walk that Margy Baynes will ever take. To-morrow she will be Margy Ralston."

"Isn't it wonderful, Hal! and somehow-solemn!"

"Great happiness is wonderful, and, I suppose, almost solemn. But ah! little one, I love——"

And so they wandered on, forgetful of time and place, and of everything save their love and the happiness it brought them.

At last Margy brought herself down to earth with an effort:

"Why, Hal, it's almost dark !"

"No, dear, it can't be. It's only this thick bush that hides the sun. Wait a minute till we get on the track again, and you'll find the sun pretty high still. By the way, where is that track? It's easy to see that I am not much of a bushman."

They turned and retraced their steps, but reached only the dry bed of a creek.

"Hal, I verily believe we are bushed, within a few miles of home. How disgracefully stupid of me!"

But though she laughingly used the word "bushed," she attached no meaning to it, and expected every minute to come on the narrow rocky track, and see the black hood of the buggy where they had left it.

Still they wandered on, at first laughingly, and at last half anxiously, until half an hour after leaving the bed of the creek, and just as the last rays of light were disappearing, they arrived at the little open gully with the tree-fern in it, where Margy had called attention to the approaching darkness. Even then Hal, who was quite a stranger to the bush, noticed nothing strange, but Margy, with moist eyes and a strange break in her voice, said:

"Hal dear, we are bushed. This country—is strange to me."

They sat down at the root of the giant treefern, and Ralston tried to comfort the girl, who understood so much better than he their true position

"Don't be despondent, Margy darling. It's nothing serious, after all. It cannot be more than two hours since we left the buggy, so we must be able to find the track. Now, you sit here, sweet, and give a cooey now and again whilst I walk down this way to see whether I can make out any sign of a track. I'll cooey too, so you'll know exactly where I am."

And away he went, blundering along in his city ignorance, and thinking he could very easily find the track. Margy's cooeys grew fainter and fainter as he walked through the thickly wooded bush, but he kept up an almost continuous cry himself, to cheer her as he thought. Suddenly, in the silence of the early evening, he heard light footsteps on the fallen leaves, and a quick gasp right behind him. He turned, and Margy flung herself sobbing into his arms.

"Don't—don't go, darling!" she gasped out half hysterically; "I can't bear it. You don't understand! We are really bushed, but don't let us lose each other "

So they sat down together again on the mossgrown bank of a little creek, and at the foot of a great, gaunt iron-bank tree.

a great, gaunt iron-bark tree.

"Oh! Hal dear, and on the eve of our wedding day. How cruel of me, who ought to know the bush!"

"Hush, dearie, hush! Don't say such things as that. The fault, if there is a fault, is mine. But you remember, sweet, I never did notice how time was going when we were together."

"Ah! Hal, you don't know the country as I

do, dear. Three different people were bushed, and died in the bush, in this valley last

"But, my sweetheart, don't be so downcast; we are close to the track, and cannot be lost for any length of time. The buggy will be found as soon as they come to look for us. It is only your immediate discomfort I am anxious about. As for myself, I don't care much, dear, while we are together."

And then they rose and plodded along in the silent bush, Margy growing quieter and more courageous every moment, whilst Ralston began to realise more clearly as time wore on that they really were bushed in sad earnest. When Hal's watch told him it was ten o'clock, they had twice passed "Tree-fern gully," as Margy, with a bold attempt at jocularity, dubbed it, and they sat wearily down together, and peered into each other's faces.

"Ah, darling! I little thought when I said Margy Baynes was taking her last walk that it would end in this way. And we were so

As he became weak, Margy grew strong, and her pure woman's nature asserted itself as she soothed and comforted the man she loved. In their wanderings they seemed to have reached a part of the bush that was more open, and in which the trees were all ringbacked or dead from other causes. As they sat looking each at the other, the summer moon rose in the cloudless sky, first like a ball of fire, and later like a huge silver globe. Then all the weird and ghostly beauty of the Australian bush seemed to accentuate itself, and become marked out in lines of glistening gray. Silence like that of the grave pressed on the wanderers, and Hal could hear Margy's every breath, whilst his own heart throbbed with the audible beat of a pendulum.

Far as the eye could see, tall, gaunt gumtrees, destitute alike of life and foliage, stretched out their scraggy arms in the silvery light of the moon, like spectres from another world, to which they awaited to convey the lost ones. Margy could not suppress a dry cry of horror, as a strip of dead bark, thirty feet long, flapped in a sudden gust of wind, and rustled with a ghostly creaking on the trunk of a tree under which she and her sweetheart were sitting.

Then came a long melancholy howl, and on the rise of a little hill they saw the figure of a dingo slinking with drooping tail and nose upraised through the bush.

"Let us walk, dear," said Hal, and feverishly they strode along, across dry creeks, through gullies black and dark as death, over hills where flying fox whirred and rustled above them, and into bare, rugged valleys, where the intense silence and the gray mist made their fiesh creep and their hearts ache.

So the hours slowly dragged by, until arrived the cold, damp period, which in the bush precedes the dawn. Wearily the now faint and exhausted pair crouched down behind a huge lichen-covered boulder, as the eastern sky became streaked with the first gray beams of approaching dawn. Dew seemed to ooze from every nook and cranny in the bush, and the atmosphere became permeated with the dim gray light which was shooting and spreading in the sky. Gradually it softened and became more pearly, as the first faint blush of pink appeared on the horizon, and the trees and hills began to unfold themselves, and appear in new, strange lights to Ralston and Margy.

Suddenly Margy sprang to her feet.

"Hark! Oh, Hal, listen! What can it be?"
Softly, faintly, from away in the misty distance,
came a sound as of a woman singing:

"Lal-fal-lal-la! lal-lal-la! My Hal, him comin' here . . ."

"Oh! Hal dear, it's Mary. Come, let us

Hand in hand they raced along. Through sword-grass that tore poor Margy's dainty frock, over fallen logs, from under which death-adders and carpet snakes shot their venomous heads, and still that strange far-off sound wafted towards them by the morning breeze seemed just as faint and just as far away. At last they reached the end of the valley, where an open stretch of country lay before them. They paused and listened, as the light of the now almost visible sun gleamed and sparkled on the tall, wet grass. Again they heard it:

"Lal-lal-lal-la! lal-lal-lal-la!"

"Could it be an illusion," thought Margy, for this time it seemed to come from the spot they had just left. Back again they scrambled to the foot of the steep wooded hill, and listened intently. This time there was no doubt, and Ralston cooeyed, his voice sounding strangely hoarse, as they started up the rocky hillside. Then the sound ceased, and they clambered on and on without its cheering aid. Suddenly it broke upon them from close at hand, as they reached a little glade of firs and red-gum saplings. There was Mary, the old gin, her head bound up in a huge red cloth, her bare feet shuffling in the fallen leaves, and her bright black eyes bent searchingly on the moist earth, as she crooned over the old tune.

"Mary! Mary darling! we're here!" and Margy rushed gasping and exhausted into her old servant's shining arms. That hillside glade was but a mile from the track, where buggies, and men and fires, were waiting the return of the lost ones. Within an hour galloping horses had brought them to "The Wattles," and the misery of that long night was half forgotten.

Hal begged that the wedding might not be postponed, and so when the hot summer's day drew to a close, and the party sat down to the Christmas dinner, which was also a wedding breakfast, Margy had ceased to be Margy Baynes, and on that great Birthday Hal Ralston began his wedded life.

Bright and happy was their Christmas, and they were tears of joy which glistened in Margy's eyes as, rising with glass in hand, Hal sang in the sweet familiar strain:

"O kiss the cup, and pledge me, dear, No time our hearts can sever; Life's wine grows old, and lips turn cold, But love shall live for ever."

Magazine of Music Scholarships.

N consequence of the interference of the Christmas holidays, and the time of our staff being taken up in getting out the January number so soon after the double Christmas number, it has been impossible to get the committee constituted, as was hoped, in time for a full list of names to be given in this number. Numerous promises of support have been received, besides encouraging comments on all sides; and it is believed that with the publication of the names and constitution of the committee, and further details of the scheme, in the February issue of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, the full success of our plan will be assured.



An Interviewer's otory.

ACKSON," said my chief one morning, when, in obedience to his summons, I entered the editorial sanctum of the Busybody, "I hear that Madame Rinaldo, the famous South American prima donna, has just arrived in London, and I want you to go and interview her this morning, if you please

At this speech my knees began to tremble, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. A fish out of water, a square stone in a round hole, a swan on a turnpike road-all these are supposed to be in uncomfortable situations, but I don't believe that their discomfort is to be compared with that of a shy, nervous man, who finds himself called upon to "interview" a lady, worst of all, a celebrated prima donna. I dared not remonstrate, however, much less refuse, for I had only lately been promoted to the editorial staff of the Busybody, and I had my spurs to win. Besides, our chief is an autocrat of the first water, and does not allow his subordinates to make reply or reason why, but expects them invariably to do or die. So I forced a smile, and said I would do my best to gain Madame Rinaldo's confidence

"Here's her address," said the editor, hand-ing me a slip of paper, "and you can present my card, which no doubt will gain you admittance. Of course she'll say she doesn't like being interviewed. They all do that, but it doesn't mean anything; there's nothing they enjoy so much really. Now, I don't think you've done an interview for us before, so I'll just warn you that you must exercise great tact in interviewing a prima donna; they are generally spoilt, and require very delicate handling."

Yes," I said, trembling more and more. quite understand.

"Try and make her forget she's being interviewed," he went on. "Talk to her in a light and airy strain upon indifferent topics, and work round gradually to the business in hand. Of course you know we don't care much about professional details, such as how high she can go, who her teacher was, or which are her favourite parts. What we really want are personal matters, such as how much she makes a year, where she gets her clothes, what her diamonds are worth, and how often they have been stolen; and if you could find out anything about her love affairs, why that would be best of all. If you are short of material, however, you can throw in a few professional details, just to fill up."

"I'll do my best to carry out your instructions," I answered, feeling myself turning green at the thought of asking a strange lady where she got her clothes, and how many lovers she could boast.

"Very well, then, you'd better go at once, as I want the copy to-night."

I tottered out of the room, and downstairs into the street, where I did a thing which is quite contrary to my usual practice. I entered a restaurant, and swallowed a stiff glass of brandy and water. Then I hailed a hansom and drove to the address on the paper, 45, Westerton Gardens, W. My timid knock at the door was answered by a tall parlour-maid, who seemed quite ready to admit me without asking any questions.

"Can I see your mistress for a few minutes?" I asked, pulling out the editorial card.

"Oh yes, you are the gentleman that was to come and see her this morning, aren't you?" she said, without looking at the card. "She's been expecting you for the last hour or more."

I was rather surprised at this, but, concluding that the editor had made an appointment for me, I followed the servant up the stairs. At the top she paused and said :

"You'll find her rather fretful this morning, but you know she never does like these visits."

"I quite understand," I said, remembering what the editor had told me about the pretended dislike of celebrities to being interviewed.

"I shall be in the next room in case you want me," she went on. "I shall hear you if you give me a call."

This was pleasant! I felt sorely tempted to turn round and run away, but I controlled my fears, and when the maid opened the door and said, "The gentleman to see you, ma'am," I walked boldly into the room.

I was rather surprised at the appearance of the apartment, which contained very little furniture, and none of those pretty, useless knickknacks which one expects to find in a lady's drawing-room. By the window sat a pale, fragile-looking woman, dressed in some loose garment which I concluded was a tea-gown. She looked up quickly as I entered, but made

"Good-morning, madame," I said, with what I intended to be an ingratiating smile.

She inclined her head slightly, but made no

"I hope you don't object to my intruding upon

To my astonishment and alarm she suddenly sprang to her feet, and, facing me with blazing eyes, exclaimed passionately:

"You know I object. You only do it to annoy and persecute me. As if I hadn't enough to worry me as it is. I never get a moment's peace, for they come and talk, talk, talk, and the odd thing is," she added, dropping her voice to a whisper, "that they go on talking after they are gone !"

"It does seem hard," I said, reflecting that a "little fretful" was a mild term for the state of the lady's temper. "But these little annoyances are the usual drawbacks of celebrity.'

She looked at me scornfully, and sank into her chair again. I decided that the sooner I got this interview over the better, for if she really was pretending to dislike it she must be an uncommonly good actress. I felt that it was impossible to beat about the bush, or to work round delicately to the object of my visit, so in sheer desperation I blurted out :

"Do you mind telling me where you get your clothes ?

Her expression changed suddenly. An arch smile curved her lips, and she answered in playful tones

"Not at all, if you won't let it go any further. get them from the grocer round the corner. My last frock was a great success; it was trimmed with almonds and raisins."

I laughed as in duty bound. Evidently she had no intention of gratifying my curiosity, and therefore turned the matter off with a joke. However, I was delighted to see her in a better humour, and I next hazarded the remark :

"I suppose you have heaps of diamonds, more than you know what to do with?"

"Oh, dear, yes," she answered emphatically. We have them for breakfast every morning, en when we are quite alone.'

"Have they often been stolen?" I inquired, smiling at her whimsicality.

"Of course," was her prompt reply. "I stole them myself."

"You will have your joke," I said, feeling rather nonplussed, for it was difficult to know what to ask next. I decided to fall back upon the unimportant professional details with which I had been told to fill up.

"I suppose your voice is of very extensive compass," I ventured. "I dare say you make nothing of high C?"

" I should think not!" she replied, tossing her "Why, I can go up to L? In fact, when I am in good voice, I can just touch M."
"Indeed," I returned, wondering when she

would begin to be sensible, and give me some material for my note-book, which was still a blank. "Perhaps you will be so kind as to give me a specimen of your powers."

"Oh, delighted!" she said, rising and seating herself at the piano. I leant back in my chair, crossed my legs, and prepared for a musical treat. What was my surprise to hear her begin to bang the keys with the palms of her hands, like a child who pretends that it can play! As she thumped she sang something that sounded like "Wah! wah! wah!" in a shrill hoarse voice. In the midst of all the din I saw the door open, and the parlour-maid's face peep in. Apparently she was satisfied with what she saw, for she nodded to me, and withdrew her head.

When Madame Rinaldo had made noise enough, she turned round on the music-stool and asked:

"What do you think of that?"

She so evidently expected a compliment that I could only murmur, "Charming! charming!"

She then left the piano, and seated herself in a chair close to mine. An awkward pause ensued. I had not an idea how to proceed in my examination of this eccentric artiste, so, to ver my embarrassment, I took out my penknife, and began to sharpen my pencil. My companion watched this simple performance with much apparent interest. When I had finished, and was about to restore my knife to

my pocket, she said in imploring tones:

"Oh, please lend me your knife for a moment. I want to sharpen my pencil, and I never can keep a knife. The servants always take them

away or mislay them." "Oh, certainly," I said, handing her the knife, with which she seemed quite disproportionately delighted. She opened it, and stroked her cheek

caressingly with the blade. "I love knives, don't you?" she asked, laughing with pleasure.

I gave a despairing sigh. It seemed no use wasting any more time over the interview. I must own myself beaten.

"I will wish you good-morning, madame," I said, rising from my chair. "I'm afraid I have intruded too long upon your valuable time."

"You're not going," she said in decided tones. "I think it's high time," I answered, smiling. You will be glad to be rid of me.

"Yes, it is time," she said slowly. "It is time, but not for you to go. You know what it's time for," she added, glancing sharply at me.

Before I could answer a terrible change came over her face. With a yell of "It's time for you to die !" she bounded out of her chair, and threw herself upon me, the open knife in her hand. I was so utterly taken aback that I stood rooted to the ground, speechless and helpless. The pen-knife had already grazed my throat when the door burst open, and the serant rushed in, followed by a gentleman in black. As they entered my assailant dropped the knife, and, springing back, crouched down into a chair.

"Oh, my goodness me!" exclaimed the maid.
"How could you let her have a knife, sir? Oh, lor, it's a mercy you weren't killed!"
"What does it mean? What's it all about?"

I asked, turning in bewilderment to the strange

"There has been some mistake," he said "A mistake that might have had very dreadful consequences. If you will come with me, I will explain matters to you." He drew me into the next room, and as soon as the door was shut he said:

"The fact is, this poor lady has been out of her mind for several years. Being a woman of property, her friends decided to let her live in her own house with a couple of attendants, instead of placing her in an asylum. They employ my friend, Dr. James, to visit the house from homicidal mania of the most violent type." in my place.

once a month to see that all is going on well. Dr. James is away for his holiday just now, and e asked me to undertake the visit for him. The attendant was prepared for a stranger this morning, and naturally mistook you for me. I presume that you called here through some mistake!

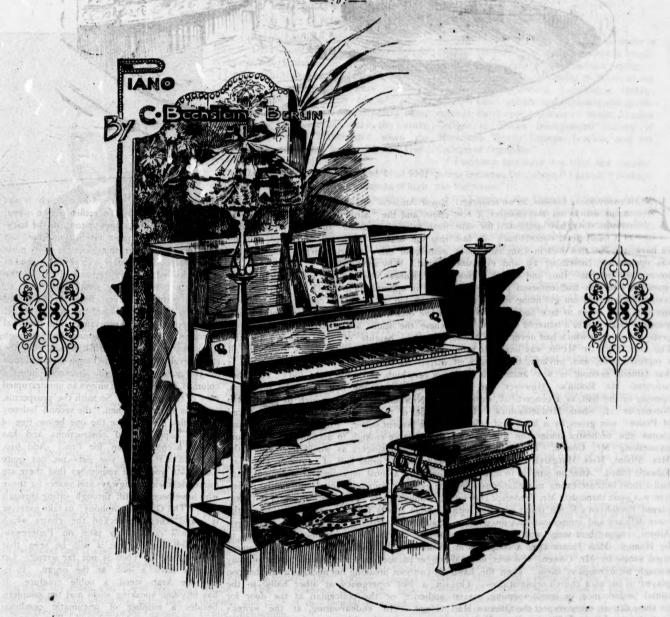
"Yes," I answered, turning chill at the thought of my danger. "I was told that Madame Rinaldo, the singer, lived here, and I was com-missioned to interview her."

"I understand," he said. "Well, you have had a fortunate escape. The poor lady suffers

As he spoke, I glanced at the slip of paper which contained Madame Rinaldo's address, and noticed for the first time that there was a tiny "A" after the No. 45, which had become somewhat smudged.

How I got myself out of the house I don't know. One thing I had quite decided, namely, not to attempt to interview the real Madame Rinaldo. I wired to the editor that I had suddenly been seized with an attack of influenza, which had obliged me to go home and take to my bed, and that I must ask him to send one of my colleagues to interview the prima donna

The "Mediæval English" Diago.



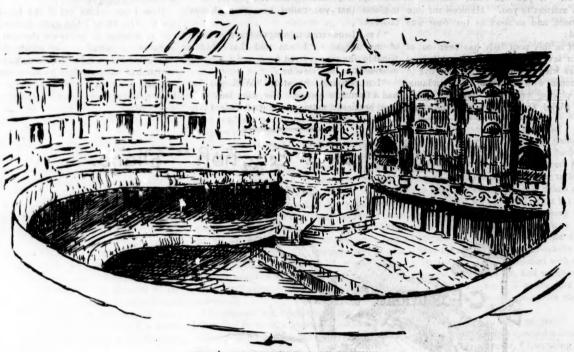
been an eye-sore, and especially since it became an upright, cottage, or portable piano. Mr. William Morris regards it as the most concentrated, form of ugliness invented by man since the Fall. Needless to say, a great many people have thought with William Morris, and though piano-makers are usually credited with a desire only to secure are usually credited with a desire only to secure good tone and touch, and with absolute indifference to the appearance of their instruments, they

making, if possible, an artistic piece of furniture of both the upright and the grand piano. The illustration which we give is the latest result of Mr. C. Bechstein's striving after beauty. The form speaks for itself, but it should be remem-bered that its suitability to the material must be considered. The material is oak, while all the

VER since the piano was a piano it has have recently gone to work with the intention of handsome instrument as this needs no absurd draperies; its strong point is its absolute simplicity. Having played on more than one of this model, we can speak to the excellent touch and tone. The former is beautifully even and sympathetic to the finger, while the latter is of the singing quality that seems to be disappearing from so many of the concert-grand steamhammer machines of the day.



The Queen's Hall, bangham Place.



QUEEN'S HALL, FROM THE UPPER BALCONY.

in an article on this subject a few months since, has languished for want of a really good concert-hall. At last we have it. The new hall in Langham Place was opened on November 25, and everyone present lost his hat. But, and it was a good omen, no one was bad-tempered over it-not even those who did not get home until 3 a.m., and had their wives to face and their own or someone else's hat in a Lattered condition suggestive of an orgie which had never taken place. The MAGAZINE OF MUSIC was unable to send a representative, and, anyhow, the history of that famous evening is now ancient as the lamented Mr. Rollin's. However, the real opening of the hall, as a concert-hall, came off November 27, when Mendelssohn's "Hymt of Praise" was given by a large and efficient chorus and orchestra under the direction painstaking Mr. Cowen. The soloists were Mrs. Albani, Miss Margaret Hoare, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. After an interval to inspect the hall a short but interesting miscellaneous selection was gone through. Mr. Frederick Dawson played Beethoven's E flat piano concerto with more delicacy and refinement than force; Mrs. Albani sang a "bird-song" with flute obbligato by Handel; Miss Hoare sang a couple of insipid songs by Mr. Cowen, who was intrepid enough to accompany them. Then the band played us out as a church organist does. This initial performance, or house-warming, served to show that in every respect the Queen's Hall is the best in London. The sound can be heard equally-or all but equally-well in every part of the house. The house itself accommodates 3,000 adults; each of these has a comfortable seat and need not squash his or her neighbour; and finally, in case of fire, there are no less than seventeen exits (nervous persons please note!). Moreover, the hall looks comfortable and roomy, there are no draughts, there is no sickening odour of cooking. One is not surprised to learn It is equal to a greater strain than is likely ever that the Philharmonic Society concerts, the to be placed on it again, for our representative Ballad Concerts, besides the concerts of the tried it with the special number of our con-

OR many years London, as we remarked Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, the Bach temporary, the choir, and the "Strolling Players" forth take place there. It is safe to prophesy that the Richter, Henschel, and Pops, and innumerable other entertainments will not lag

behind. Why should they? Mr. Robert Newman very kindly afforded our artist an opportunity to sketch the interior. The first sketch is meant to convey some notion of the orchestra, organ, and the depths below where the stalls are situated, as seen from the dizzy heights of the gallery. By the way, however, the gallery is not at dizzy. As will presently be shown the hall is not very high, and quite right, too! The other drawing shows the hall from the orchestra. Mr. Newman was good enough to point out a number of things which might not be noticed to the present writer. First of all the orchestra. this is large enough to accommodate as many players and singers as would fetch down the walls (of any other hall, of course). The platform, by a most ingenious arrangement, may be excended for piano recitals and similar orgies. It communicates behind with spacious and comfortable rooms for solo artists (including the conductor), artists of the orchestra, and artists of the chorus. It communicates by steps in front with the auditorium, so that any hapless singer pursued by an infuriated conductor, may fly (without breaking her neck, as would happen in a like emergency at other halls) to the audience or the policeman at the door for refuge. (In endeavouring, at the writer's request, to depict this scene, the artist's pencil broke.) Having dealt with the place where the performers sit, let us consider the circumstances amidst which the audience finds itself. The arena seats 1,264 persons-and it must be remembered that each can sit. The balcony is supported by no pillars to obstruct the sound or view. Persons who wish to sit in the balcony need not be nervous on that account.

-, under which weight it was perfectly immovable. To return to the arena. For concert use this slopes up towards the back, so that even the largest hat in front does not stop the view. But this slope is got most ingeniously. It is merely a clever arrangement of blocks which can be moved off at the shortest notice, and, hey presto! you have an excellent smooth level floor for dancing purposes, if you are inclined that way. To get to the arena you go downstairs. The principal balcony or grand tier, approached through spacious corridors and crush rooms from the street-level, provides arm-chair accommodation for 580 persons, and in the absence of internal columns, every occupant enjoys an uninterrupted view of the orchestra. So saith the prospectus, and it is all true. Then, "the second balcony on the first floor is, like the one below, free of vertical supports and obstructions, and has sitting accommodation for 610." Add 610, 580, and 1,264, and you get-no, not quite 3,000; but you must remember that there are numberless wide gangways and spaces for those who have become stiff through sitting through (say) "The Ocean Symphony" to take exercise in; and when we reckon the chairs which these will comfortably take on Paderewski and such-like nights, it will be seen that the estimate of 3,000 is not far wrong. Let us now have a look at the organ. It is, like the Arab steed, a noble creature. It has fifty-four speaking stops and ten couplers, besides a number of pneumatic combina-tion pistons to each keyboard. The tone (so far as there has been opportunity for judging) is singularly good; and, in a word, the instrument is a credit to the hall, the builders (Messrs. Hill and Son, Islington), and the gentleman who suggested that Messrs. Hill should have the "job." The organist sits in the opening to the left in our first illustration. A perfect view of the conductor is had there, and at the same time there is convenience for dodging, should the organist make a bad mistake and the baton—accidentally—fly that way from

the conductor's hand. All the arrangements so far described are for the comfort or protection of the outer man, or for his spiritual edification: it remains now only to say that extensive bars prevail throughout the building, and that at these eatables and drinkables of all sorts are served during the intervals and the duller pieces on the various programmes. Mr. Newman has not, we believe, any intention of allowing the entrepreneurs to raise their prices while compositions by Liszt, Goldmark, or Dr. Stanford are being played, although preparations will be made in anticipation of the rush.

Concerts to be given in the Queen's Hall have already been mentioned. But we wish the public to know that the management is arrang-

ing first-rate and novel concerts on its own account. The Orchestral and Oratorio Society does not mean a society which you join to play the fiddle or flute or cornet badly, in comp with a number of other people who play as badly as yourself. It is simply, like the Philharmonic Society, a body which will give concerts. The first will take place on Saturday evening, January 20, and the others will follow on Saturday evenings for twelve weeks. The subscription for the series is 21 or 11 guineas according to the seats you want. The first part of the programme will be "classical," the second of lighter material. The band will be drawn from the Philharmonic and Covent Garden orchestra. The conductor will be Mr. Cowen.

In a word, these concerts will be in every way equal to the Philharmonic concerts. The players will be the same, the conductor was until recently conductor of the Philharmonic. The only difference will be that the management of the Queen's Hall has hardly yet drifted into the cast-iron immovability of the Philharmonic directors, and therefore more novelties will be produced, more time allowed for rehearsal, the proceedings enlivened by the lighter music in the second part, and finally the price of admit-tance much lowered and the standard of comfort much raised. Mr. Robert Newman looks to the public for support, and it is certain that if the public is wise enough to see its chance he will not look in vain.

Dr. Horton Allison.



(From a Photograph by Barrauds, Limited, London and Liverpool.)

N introducing our readers to Dr. Horton Allison we at once make them acquainted with a gentleman who is an all-round musician. He is not only famous as a teacher and composer, but as a performer on the pianoforte of no mean order.

It is a well-known fact that several of our composers are unable to play any particular instrument sufficiently well to be considered at all above the average, but in Dr. Horton Allison we have an exception that is said to prove the rule. As an instance, when I called upon him at his pleasant house, he said:

"Come up to my room, and I will play you

something. Now, what would you really like?"
Having expressed a preference for Chopin, he at once, and without the slightest hesitation, played in capital manner the Scherzo in B flat minor, and also a beautiful composition of his own, a Concerto in D, and which, by permission, has been specially dedicated to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. This concerto was scored for pianoforte and orchestra by Dr. Horton Allison, and on being first performed in public in London, at the grand concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society in 1801. minster Orchestral Society in 1891, was conducted by the composer, the pianoforte part being played by his pupil, Miss Nunn, L.R.A.M.

This Concerto has been played publicly since then by Dr. Horton Allison personally, when the orchestra was conducted by Mr. De Jong.

Dr. Horton Allison has also played the piano forte parts of concertos and other pieces for pianoforte and orchestra at concerts in the Gewandhaus at Leipzic (the orchestra being conducted by Dr. Reinecke), and in the Gentlemen's Concerts at Manchester, when the orchestra was conducted by Sir Charles Hallé (then Mr. Charles Hallé).

Dr. Horton Allison was born in the West End of London. He is the son of a gentleman of high attainments as a linguist, and his mother was very musical, having, in her youth, been proficient as an amateur in playing the pianoforte and the harp. Dr. Allison's predilection for music was exhibited at so early an age that by the time he was ten years old his future profession was decided upon, and at about that time he appeared as a solo pianist at concerts in London. He played the pianoforte parts of concertos by Mozart and Moscheles, whose pupil he after wards became, and amongst his most cherished possessions he counts a photograph of that composer, upon which is written his autograph, with the words, "To his favourite pupil, Horton C. Allison, I. Moscheles."

The Royal Conservatorium, Leipzic, awarded Dr. Allison a prize for excellence as a composer, pianist and theorist, and be called my attention with undisguised pleasure to the splendid edition, printed by Breitkopf and Haërtel, of Leipzic, and which contains all the parts of Beethoven's trios for piano, violin, and violoncello. This was accompanied by a diploma of honour, printed in German, and bearing the official stamp of the Royal Conservatorium to this effect: "Prize of the Helbig foundation of 1864, awarded to Horton Claridge Allison, of London, as one of the most excellent and worthy students, in lasting remembrance and constant encouragement, Leipzic, Easter, 1865. Das Directorium: (Signed) Von Falkenstein, Conrad Schleinitz, Dr. Emil Wendler, Dr. Ludwig Lippert Dähne." This is believed to be the only diploma and prize of this foundation awarded to any Englishman.

Although, as a composer and pianoforte player, Dr. Allison posse ses undoubted skill, it is principally as a teacher he is so particularly clever. I expressed the fact to him, and he said

"Oh yes, I am glad to say that, as a teacher, have had a large experience and practice. have here, as you see, in my album, portraits of a number of my former and present pupils, many of whom I have prepared for their degrees, etc., including Dr. William Creser, Dr. Frank Bates,

"I may also tell you that more than five

hundred of my pupils have been successful in passing the higher class examinations in music, ncluding many who have gained the degrees of Doctor of Music and Bachelor of Music at our Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, London and Durham, and diplomas and certificates at the Royal Academy of Music, London College of Music, Incorporated Society of Musicians, Trinity College, London, and the College of Organists."

"I suppose you have not tried the concertgiving business, Dr. Allison?" I asked. "Perhaps not had time?"

"No," replied the Doctor. 'But the fact is, I hardly ever engaged in that business because I believe that the risks and vexations attending it are altogether unsuitable to me. I have, however, given many pianoforte recitals-from memory, at which I played works by such composers as Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Sterndale Bennett, Thalberg, Rubinstein, Henselt, Raff and Liszt."

Your time, though, I should imagine, is fully occupied in teaching, is it not?"

Yes, it is," replied the Doctor. "You see, I was probably one of the first to introduce what is known as the system of teaching by correspon-

"Indeed," I said. "The correspondence, I hould think, must be decidedly explicit to be of

"It is, and in proof of that I may tell you I have had pupils and prepared for examination people residing in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as in the colonies of Canada, Africa and India, and on the Continent, and in the United States.

Dr. Horton Allison's name has been placed by the Royal Commissioners on the list of those from whom are selected the examiners in music to the Intermediate Education Board for Ire-land. He is one of the honorary local repre-sentatives for Manchester to the Royal Academy of Music, London; a professor at the Manchester

sentatives for Manchester to the Royal Academy of Music, London; a professor at the Manchester School of Music, and a member of the Union of Graduates in Music, of which union he was one of the founders or first members.

Dr. Horton Allison is a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and a graduate by examination (Mus.D.) of Trinity College, Dublin, and (Mus.B.) of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Dr. Horton Allison's compositions, besides the concerto above mentioned, include an oratorio for four solo voices, chorus and full orchestra, a secular cantata for the same, a symphony for full orchestra and string quartet, and his published works include a sonata for and his published works include a sonata for the organ and more than forty movements in the form of pianoforte music and songs, published by the London firms of Forsyth Brothers, Metzler and Co., Ascherberg, Patey and Willis, and

The Music and Musical Instruments of Japan.*

HIS is an excellent book in every respect. The reading is both interesting and instructive; the illustrations, which are very numerous, are reproduced in a very up-to-date style; and it is altogether a well-gotup volume. Would there were more such books, giving the history of the music of other Eastern nations. Mr. Piggott says that he feels considerable diffidence in laying the results of his investigations before his readers, and also that the book contains the results of observations made in leisure moments in Japan, supplemented by studies made since his return from the East. But his "leisure moments" must have spread over several years, to have enabled him to lay before his readers such a detailed account of Japanese music.

It is difficult to say when musical instruments were first used in Japan, but it is certain they were used in the reign of the first Emperor of Japan, "Jimmu Tenno," about 660 B.C. The songs of war of the Imperial troops are declared to have been in regular and metrical form. Some of the ancient music of Japan has been preserved for centuries, and is still practised, performed and listened to by all classes of society, with intelligent interest, and with the same profound solemnity as in old days. It is to this ancient music-performed by an orchestra of shos, flutes, hichirikis, drums and gongswhich sounds so gruesome to Western ears, that Japanese music owes so much of its bad reputa tion, Mr. Piggott, however, tells us that it is far from being formless and void. He says: "It has a venerable history, which goes back through the period of reliable chronicles into the mythical ages, when the sun-goddess 'Amaterasu' hid herself in a cave, and the world saw the light of her countenance no more Then it was that the eight million deities came to entreat her return to the world, her fair dominion; yet all their many prayers failed, until one god, wiser than his fellows, took from among them six long bows; these he bound firmly together, and setting them with their backs upon the ground, gently twanged their strings. Then he brought to the cave's mouth the fair Amé-no-Uzumé, her hair tied with the trailing vines of Hikagekazura, gathered from the mount Amé no Kaga Yama, the sleeves of her raiment girded with links of evergreen twigs of Amé no masaki, a halberd in one hand and a bundle of bamboo branches in the other. And Amé-no-Uzumé, as the murmurings of the bowstrings rose and fell, waved her bamboo branches to and fro; and as the rhythm grew her body moved in cadence, and her voice mingled with the strains, until the goddess, gently drawn, inquisitive, came forth at last from out the gloomy depths of her cave. Some say that Amé-no-Uzumé added to her incantation the words 'Momo, chi, yorodsu,' asking the gods, in her vanity, whether her charms were not allpotent; the gods shook the heavens with their mirth, and this noise it was that drew the goddess from her hiding-place. Thus was light restored to the world, and music and dancing were given to it for its delight."

"The Music and Musical Instruments of Japan," by F. T. Piggott, with notes by T. L. Southgate. 4to. Published by Batsford, High Holborn, London. 1893.

Musical progress received a great impetus in the seventh century from the zeal of the Crown Prince Umayado, the "Prince of the saint-like He is said to have introduced Indian music into the country, but neither at this time nor a century later did it obtain much popularity. At the commencement of the eighth century, the Emperor Mommu established a Musical Bureau, and constituted it as part of his household. In the reign of the next Emperor, there were thirty-nine important Chinese musicians under its direct control. The chief work of the Bureau was the development of the study of the two classical Chinese dances, the "Bugaku" and the "Sangaku." So wide was the spread of musical culture in the tenth century, that a certain hichiriki player unconsciously melted the heart of his burglarious visitor, at least, so the story goes. The Engi era (A.D. 901-922) was the Golden Age of old Japan. "Poetry, music, dancing, the arts and sciences, all flourished under the genial influence of the Court. For the delectation of the courtiers, a band of female musicians and dancers was established, the dancers numbering one hundred and forty. By this band the taste of the musical world in its lighter phases was practically regulated. The band could make or mar a musician's fame; success and popularity for a new composition were attained only by performance by these court musicians."

The Japanese were greatly indebted to the Coreans and Chinese for much of their musical training. In A.D. 588, young men learnt their art at the feet of the Coreans. Chinese instruments, from the earliest times, were borrowed, appropriated and copied by the Japanese. By A.D. 673, Chinese music had become firmly established in Court favour, and Chinese musicians invariably performed at the Royal banquets. The Coreans, it should be noted, are said to have been the first to draw attention to the importance of selecting well-seasoned wood for the bodies of musical instruments.

Modern Japanese music is freed from the weight of Chinese influence, and has acquired a more definite intonation than the classical music, and developed distinct melodies, recognisable even to Western ears. "Many are the little haunting melodies one hears tinkled in the street; many a one even commends itself to the whistling Briton." Modern Japanese music is composed almost exclusively for the thirteenstringed Koto. Koto music is of a high quality, and it requires some musical training, and at east, intelligent understanding to appreciate it. For the fiddle (the Kokyu) there is no independent music; but for the Shakuhachi-a lipped bamboo pipe-there is a quantity. The music for the Biwas has not altered for over 600 years. For the Japanese banjo, the Samisen, there exists only a small repertoire of songs. Charming little songs are sung to the accompaniment of the Gekkin, a stringed instrument which Mr. Piggott thinks is almost entirely of Chinese origin. The Kumi (songs) are built on leading themes, giving an effect of "airs with variations." There are generally several verses to these songs, and at least four.

Excepting music for the Koto very little Japanese music is written, chiefly because the majority of the professional musicians are blind, music being one of their recognised occupations. What written music there is, is the exclusive possession of professionals of the highest rank. No pupil is allowed, except by special dispensation, to learn from written music or books, but only by listening, watching, and committing to memory. The Samisen songs, however, are written and always carried with the instrument. It is considered quite impolite for a Japanese poung lady to require pressing if she is asked

to play the Koto; she cannot make the excuse that she has forgotten to bring music which she never possessed. The Japanese notation is very interesting. It differs, of course, vastly from our own; yet it is sufficient to represent the time, accent, the notes to be played, and the way in which the strings are to be plucked. All the musicians have an acutely sensitive ear. "There is no general grounding in intervals even as the western pupil must go through, only the special instruction in the actual intervals necessary to the tuning." Their graceful and delicate phrasing is one of the charms of their music. delicate nuances of many of their simpler tunes are far from easy to grasp, and sometimes require as many as thirty lessons. A new musical composition is of rare occurrence. Two new compositions in the course of a year is probably an over-estimate of the rate of production. Instrumentalists always sit on the floor when playing.

A child destined for the music profession begins to learn music at the age of four, and continues to work hard until fourteen years of age, by which time all the elementary tunes and exercises have been learnt. The course of instruction is divided into four stages, and at the end of each a diploma is granted. From the age of ten to fifteen, music lessons consist mainly of the reading of Bugaku books, and mastering the difficulties of intonation. At fifteen the hereditary instrument is taken in hand, the father generally being the instructor. At twenty the pupil takes a place in the orchestra for the less important concerts, and at the age of twentyone, if he has satisfied the local examiners, he is sent away to receive a still higher training.

In order to make this article more complete, a short description of each of the more important Japanese musical instruments must be given:

I. The Koto. This is the chief of modern Japanese instruments, and may be termed the "national instrument." It is, probably, one of the most difficult in the world to tune and keep in tune. It has thirteen movable bridges. The strings of the Koto are of tightly-twisted silk, soaked in wax.

2. The Biwa. This was introduced into Japan

2. The Biwa. This was introduced into Japan by China, in A.D. 935, and had the most important influence on the growth of modern Japanese music. At first it was a ponderous instrument, its tones very rich and sonorous. In Japanese hands it underwent a transformation, and became somewhat lighter and more graceful. It was admirably suited to ancient songs of love and war.

3. The Samisen. This is the people's instrument. It is played by ladies of all classes, and may frequently be heard in the Japanese streets. "It accompanies dancing, acting, singing, begging, eating, drinking, everything almost except praying, and that is the smallest of exceptions." It is supposed to have been derived from China about A.D. 1560, where it was used more as a children's toy than as a serious instrument.

4. The Kokyu. This is the Japanese violin, and came from Hindustan to China, and thence to Japan. It is said to have been originally used by the southern barbarians, on account of its doleful tone, to ward off the attacks of venomous reptiles. Unlike the fiddle of the West, it fills no function of importance in the orchestra. The position in which the instrument is played, and the cumbersome bow, with its heavy tassel, are much against the execution of difficult passages. It is very rarely that one hears it played well.

memory. The Samisen songs, however, are written and always carried with the instrument. It is considered quite impolite for a Japanese come thence to Japan through China. It is young lady to require pressing if she is asked lacquered red inside, and closely bound outside

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between the holes with string laid on with a sort of paste, and afterwards fixed with lacquer. The Japanese regard their flutes as most sacred instruments, and preserve them with peculiar veneration for a great number of years; some of those in use at the present day are said to be over 1,000 years old. They had special names given them, such as "The Fisherman," "The Snake-charmer," etc. The Hichiriki is a small flute, which bears the same relation to the flute as the piccolo does in the West.

6. The Shakuhachi. This pipe was introduced into Japan from China in A.D. 1335. Although a solo instrument, it is only used in accompaniments, and never in the orchestra. It has some very delicate and clear notes, and the beauty of its tone evokes great admiration

among the Japanese.

7. The Shō (Chinese "Cheng"). This is perhaps to us the most interesting of all Eastern instruments. Mr. Southgate thinks it cannot be, as is by some supposed, to be of great antiquity, for its construction is elaborate, being composed of a compact bundle of seventeen thin bamboo reeds fixed into a circular lacquered wind-chamber. No instrument of this character is known in Europe, save the Regal of the Middle Ages, which was occasionally used in place of the organ in churches, and sometimes in pro-

8. Drums and Gongs. Of these there are several varieties, some used in Temple services, some in processions, and others in the orchestra. The gong was the first metal instrument intro-

duced into Japan.

As to Japanese singing, "it is a mere horrid sound, disfigured by excruciating quarter-tones, which have to be produced correctly. The Japanese do not even admire it themselves, but it is accepted and tolerated. They consider that "base conduct spoils both the character and the voice," yet "smooth and sweet" singing nobody has ever heard in Japan.

If Japanese music were as taking to Western ears as their other arts are to Western eyes, doubtedly we should have no reason to think their music poor, and the twanging of their strings thin and feeble; the executive skill of their musicians we know is of the first order. After reading through Mr. Piggott's book, one conclusion must be come to, that the Japanese cannot be considered a very musical nation, and yet music is used in Japan to accompany so many incidents of daily life. "And so, their music has been fostered only to give an hour or half's delight, to make a maiden blush or gently smile, and 'so to bid good-night.'"

HAROLD ST. GEORGE GRAY.

Goncert of the bondon Academy of Music.

IE concert of this famous institution (which was described in our last issue) took place on Friday, November 17, too late, therefore, for notice in last month's issue. It was by far the most interesting of the many students' concerts given recently in the Metropolis. The string band, under the able direction of Mr. A. Pollitzer, was thoroughly up to the mark; and one is glad to find a conas the courage to dispense with the usual hir wind and brass instruments and make hi concert what others are merely in name-, tudents' concert. Of the many youthful competitors for fame as singers or players, three, Mr. Mervyn Dene, Mr. Charles Loder

and Mr, Gilbert Denis deserve special praise; but others, such as Miss Elsie Goddard and Miss Fanny Jacobs should not be passed over. In a programme which includes fifteen long items, one cannot very well single out individual pieces; but one or two at any rate may be mentioned. The suite for strings by Sebastian Bach was excellently played (some solo portions being taken by Miss Clara Fisher), as might be expected by those who know that Mr. Pollitzer s a red-hot Bach enthusiast, and insists upon the music of his favourite composer being expressively rendered. Again, Miss Kate Bruckshaw showed herself to be a "coming" young pianist in Liszt's "Paraphrase de Concert" of Rigoletto." And one of the most delightful things of the afternoon was the duet by the late Goring Thomas, "The noontide heat is long passed over," sung by Miss Elsie Goddard and

In an interval between the first and second parts, Mr. Pollitzer presented the diplomas and medals to the non-students who passed in the

July examinations.

In the Back Office.

HE JUNIOR CLERK (digging OUR IDEALIST in the ribs). Well, old cock, how have you spent your Christmas? (OUR IDEALIST is speechless with indignation.)

THE JUNIOR CLERK. I had a jolly time! It vas a question of Pantomime or "The Messiah."

I need hardly say which I went to.
OUR CRITIC. "The Messiah," of course?

THE JUNIOR CLERK. As you say, "The Messiah," of course. I took my aunt, and as we went home from "The Messiah"—of course by train from Ludgate, she was in an awful flutter lest we should pass the station. She had her head out of the window all the way, watching for the right name. But the advertisements bothered her very much. At Loughboro' she jumped out. "Johnny! oh, Johnny!" she screamed, "we're in the wrong train! Here's Margate! What shall we do?" I pulled her in and there saw she had got her eye on a signboard about Margate College. When we reached home she spoke never a word at supper, nor for some time after, and finally remarked, in a pensive manner, that it was confusing for so many stations to have the same name. "I see'd 'Venus Soap,' she remarked, 'lots of times; and the number of places as is called 'Colman's Mustard' is quite appalin'. I s'pose," she added, "these really refers to the names of the stree in the neighbourhood; but it's very puzzlin' till you knows 'em." She tried yesterday to take a ticket for "Reckitt's Blue," but the bookingclerk only laughed at her; so she said she thought it must be "Parson's Green" she wanted. "So many of these names is so much alike,"

(OUR IDEALIST has been swelling during this recital, until now he is double his customary dimensions.)

OUR IDEALIST (severely). I am coming more and more to believe in heredity. Training counts for little. If a man is a fool, his son will be a fool—a fool when he's a boy; a fool when he grows up. The child is father to the man; as the boy is, so will the man be.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. What a precious dull boy you must have been! (Dead silence.)

OUR CRITIC. Well, nothing of special impor-tance seems to have occurred since we last

THE CYNIC. Nothing of importance ever does occur, though we sometimes think so.

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. I've been learning a good deal about this "Royalty Ballad." could never understand why so much bad music was sung; and not only bad, but ineffective music. However, I find these are the facts. A is an aspiring young composer who has tried for years to make fame and cash, and has gathered neither. B is the famous vocalist who has gathered both without any special trouble. A calls upon B, asks him how he does, and requests that he will sing his songs. B is astounded at the request. Says A, "This ballad suits your voice to perfection; the publisher allows me a shilling a copy royalty; sing it for me and I'll give you half." A's features relax. He may even smile. An agreement is con-cluded. "The Baby Chorister" is sung up and down the land, and A and B pocket the profits, smiling sweetly the while. It's a lovely game!

OUR CRITIC. Do you call that new? **GUR LIVE DICTIONARY.** At least, I've never heard of it before.

OUR IDEALIST. A pretty age we live in! That's what you call art for Art's sake, I pre-

THE CYNIC. Personally I should call it art for

OUR CRITIC. Not artfulness for art's sake?

THE CYNIC. Certainly not.

OUR CRITIC. Well, I don't know. The young composer must do something or he'll never get his name before the public at all. Once that is achieved, by artfulness, he may do a great dea

.THE CYNIC. Have you ever heard of such a

OUR CRITIC. I can't say I have. A great many, however, having made what they can by the royalty ballad are trying their hand at

THE CYNIC. Are the operas genuine-any better Art than the royalty ballads?

OUR CRITIC. Alas !-THE CYNIC. I thought not!

OUR CRITIC. I was amused to find that the disarrangement of the first scene of the second act of "Parsifal," played by Mr. Henschel's band a little while since, was made by our friend Steinbach, the tenth-rate German opera con-

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Why amused, Boss? OUR CRITIC. Because, most noble sir, I had read an interview in which the same Steinbach expressed himself as opposed to all such arrange-ments. Personally I have nothing to say against them, so long as they are intelligently done Not being able to see "Parsifal" acted, I play it on the piano in my study; and there canno possibly be any more harm in playing it on the

orchestra at St. James's Hall.

THE CYNIC. You forget that a vice performed in private is not vice; vice is only vice

OUR CRITIC. I don't take that view. Of course I know the ordinary hack arranger in search of a job to fetch in sixpence will transcribe the prelude to "Lohengrin" for fire-irons and coal-box, but Steinbach seems not to be one of that noble tribe.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. I was in St. James Hall that night, and objected very strongly to him making a da cape when he had reached the end of the scene and going half-way through it

OUR CRITIC. You at St. James's Hall !

Franz biszt.

DESCRIBED BY SOME OF HIS MUSICAL CONTEMPORARIES.

(Compiled and translated by Andrew de Ternant.)

> (Concluded from vol. x., p. 304.) -:0:-

FIORENTINO.

HE once famous musical critic, Fiorentino, in an article in the now defunct Parisian newspaper, the Constitutionnel, describes in a characteristic manner Felix Godefroid was indebted to Liszt for launching him on a successful career in the musical world:

"At the age of fifteen, having nothing more to learn, Felix Godefroid found himself suddenly thrown on his own resources in the streets of Paris, possessing marvellous talent, but dying of hunger, like many other victims of a Government that would fain pre tend to patronise art. His family, overwhelmed in difficulties, could not assist him. He fell into the most frightful distresses, like Chatterton, Gilbert, and many poets and musicians, who were too proud to beg, or to stoop to artifice and entreaty to procure them a livelihood. He composed romances which no one would purchase; he offered to copy music, to sing in churches, to play at public balls; he could gain no employment. He spoke to the porter of the house in which he had his miserable apartment to procure him pupils for the piano, at such a trifle per lesson as would be ridiculous to mention. The porter, a good man in the main, had a daughter who took lessons on the piano, but she had no master, and, moreover, the talents of Godefroid inspired neither father nor daughter with any great confidence. They refused the proffered services of their young lodger, but, to soften their refusal, they admitted him to their intimacy and their table. These kind folks lived somewhat at their ease, and practised hospitality after the ancient manner. The porter occupied his leisure moments in working at the business of a locksmith. The daughter displayed some ability on the piano and guitar. Godefroid, not being able to render himself useful as a musician, wished, at least, to make himself useful to his host in his trade. So it wasthe hand that drew sounds from the harp, which since so often delighted and astonished the public, had resource to beating on an anvil and blowing the bellows. The bells of the Hôtel de l'Universe were partly fashioned by Felix Godefroid. In the meantime his brother Jules died, and the regret he heard pronounced on every side for the death of the celebrated artist added poignancy to his grief. 'I, too,' said he to himself, weeping, 'would become celebrated if they would hear me.' By some fatality of circumstance no one would hear him. Erard, the providence of artists, gave way to the vulgar prejudices, which would not admit that in the same family there could exist two young artists of such rare endowments. He consented at length to hear young Godefroid. But obstacles of another nature retarded their interviewobstacles which never fail to compromise the advance-ment of the artist. Godefroid had not clothes sufficiently decent in which he could with propriety appear at the house of his protector. At last, by the assistance of his kind landlord, he was fitted with a dress, and forthwith repaired to the Rue de Maille. was received in that mansion of universal hospitality with affectionate cordiality. As usual, a large auditory was assembled. The domestic brought a harp, and the young artist was requested to try the instru What passed that moment in the heart of poor Godeose only can understand who have set their whole life on the cast of a die. He preluded with sufficient courage, but his hands began to tremble; the tears gushed from his eyes, and he no longer knew what gushed from his eyes, and he no longer which he was doing. The company at first listened to him he was doing. with some interest; to interest succeeded indifference, to indifference distraction; then followed conversation in an undertone, and the poor executant was no further heeded. At this mor ent Franz Liszt entered.

He saluted Madame Erard, shook hands with the master of the house, and spoke of the weather and other interesting topics, as though Godefroid and his harp had never existed. The poor harpist continued his performance, not daring to exhibit his annoyance at the interruption, nor to cease playing his sonata. On a sudden Liszt stopped short in the midst of a sentence, listened for an instant, and, springing up, cried aloud, 'This is an admirable artist!' approaching Godefroid with that burlesque familiarity which is one of the principal traits of his character, 'My friend,' said he, 'what-are you doing in Paris? What are your occupations?' 'I work with a smith, and make bells,' answered Godefroid with simplicity. The spectators regarded each other in a ment, believing that the young man had lost his reason. Liszt alone understood him. Godel come to London with me?' he asked. did not know how to reply. He turned his troubled looks from Liszt to the harp, and from the harp back again to Liszt. 'Accept,' said Erard to him, 'this instrument which has proved to you so dear a friend'; and at the same time he slipped into his hands a bank bill for a thousand francs. The next day Liszt and Godefroid departed for London. When Liszt's first oncert was announced, the name of Godefroid figured on the bill in as gigantic letters as that of the beneficiaire. On his return to Paris, the artist had only to be heard to take his position at once in the first rank of living artists.

WAGNER.

Wagner describes in a touching manner his first acquaintance with Liszt in Paris:

"I met Liszt for the first time during my earliest stay in Paris, and at a period when I renounced the hope, nay, even the wish, of a Parisian reputation; ed, was in a state of internal revolt against the life I found there. At our meeting Liszt appeared to me the most perfect contrast to my own being and In this world, to which it had been desire to fly from my narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up, from his earliest age, so as to be the object of general love and admiration at a time when I was repulsed by general coldness and want of sympathy. . . . In consequence, I looked upon him suspicion. I had no opportunity of disclosing my being and working to him, and therefore the re-ception I met with on his part was altogether of a superficial kind, as was indeed quite natural in a man to whom every day the most divergent impressions claimed access. But I was not in a mood to look with unprejudiced eyes for the natural cause of his behaviour, which, friendly and obliging in itself, could not but hurt me in that state of my mind. I never repeated my first call on Liszt; and without knowing or even wishing to know him, I was prone to look upon him as strange and adverse to my

"My repeated expression of this feeling was after-wards reported to Liszt, just at the time when my Rienzi' at Dresden attracted general attention. was surprised to find himself misunderstood with such violence by a man whom he had scarcely known, and whose acquaintance now seemed not witho value to him. I am still touched at recollecting the repeated and eager attempts he made to change my opinion of him, even before he knew any of my works. He acted not from any artistic sympathy, but led by the purely human wish of discontinuing a casual discord between himself and another being; perhaps he also felt an infinitely tender misgiving of g really hurt me unconsciously. . .

"Liszt soon afterwards witnessed a performance of 'Rienzi' at Dresden, on which he had almost to in-sist; and after that I heard from all the different corners of the world where he had been on his artistic excursions, how he had everywhere expressed his de-light with my music; and indeed had—I would rather believe unintentionally-canvassed people's opi in my favour. This happened at a time when it became more and more evident that my dramatic works would have no outward success. But just when the case seemed desperate, Liszt succeeded by his own energy in opening a hopeful refuge to my art. He ceased his wanderings, settled down at the small modest Weimar, and took up the conductor's bâton, after having been at home so long in the splendour of deed, he lives part of the week at the mona

the greatest cities of Europe. At Weimar I saw him for the last time, when I rested a few days in Thuringia, not yet certain whether the threatened persecution would compel me to continue my flight persecution would compel me to continue my mignifrom Germany. The very day when my personal danger became a certainty I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my 'Tannhäuser,' and was astonished at recognising my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing the music, he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he proclaimed in making it heard. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend I gaine at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had longed for and sought for always in the wrong place.

"At the end of my last stay in Paris, when ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my 'Lohengrin,' totally forgotten by me. Suddenly I felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was the news that preparations for the performance were being made on the largest scale the limited means of Weimar would permit. Everything that men and circumstances could do was done in order to make the work understood. . . . Errors and misconceptions impeded the desired suc-What was to be done to supply what was wanted, so as to further the true understanding on all sides, and with it the ultimate success of the work? Liszt saw it at once, and did it. He gave to the public his own impression of the work in a manner the convincing eloquence and overpowering efficacy of which remain unequalled. Success was his re ward, and with this success he approached me, saying: Behold, we have come so far; now create us a new work, that we may go still further.'

Wagner wrote subsequently and extensively about his future father-in-law, as may be seen in the collection of his contributions to musical literature, which has been published in nine volumes. It is needless to remind even the merest tyro of musical history that the friendship of Liszt and Wagner lasted until death.

MARMONTEL.

Marmontel, who during nearly half a century at the Paris Conservatoire trained quite a small army of professional pianists, in one of his volumes on the famous virtuosi of his time, relates the following charming anecdote about

"Before returning from Germany and Hungary, where the Imperial favour made him the Intendant and Count of music, Liszt had sojourned some months in Paris. I had heard him at this period at my friend Halévy's, and also at Rossini's. He was always the same great artist, in love with glory and noise, amiable, gallant, and not disdaining any of the creations of God and the beauties of nature. I will mention a charming word he addressed to a young and beautiful lady at a soirée of Rossini's. The celebrated artist bent very tenderly near the magnificent shoulders of Madame de X--, in toilette de hel, and was plunged in a silent but intense ecstasy, The young lady was startled, and exclaimed: "Welf, Monsieur Lizzt!" But the gallant virtuoso, without troubling himself, replied, 'Pardon, madame, I only look to see if your wings are growing!' The glance was flattering, and the reply a compliment. Liszt was not pardoned, but admired."

SIR HERBERT OAKELEY.

The analytical programme of the annual Reid Concert at Edinburgh on March 14, 1887, contains the following letter from Sir Herbert Oakeley to Sir George Grove :

"Piazzi di Spagna, Rome, "February 19, 1865.

" My DEAR GROVE, - The first interview with Liszt was of surpassing interest. He came to our rooms very early—before I had finished dressing and I heard him announcing himself to our mystified Neapolitan abigail as 'Un Signor di Monte Mario-on which elevation he has established himself; in-

thereon, having a claim, I believe, as member of some order or fraternity, to take up his abode at any monastery in Italy he may choose to select, and perhaps hence the report" of his becoming an Abbate. Having eluded the Neapolitan, and entered our sitting-ro he found himself in the presence of F. P., who received the great man with a kettle in one hand and a Buclid' in the other—weapons which were doubtless taken up by that ready youth, not only as being at hand, but as emblematical of some of the unitable. rivalled characteristics of the playing of the illustrious visitor; for instance, of his powers of making the pianoforte sing, and of executing or solving with mathematical precision unheard-of difficulties and problems. Then, as I was struggling to combat the usual bad luck at such herried moments, I heard fragments of a motley dialogue going on in the ad-joining room, partly in Italian, in German, in French, or in English, something after this fashion: (L.) or in English, something after this fashion: (L.) 'Buon giorno, Signor O! Sono lietissimo di vedervi.' -(F. P.) 'Accomodatevi, mio Signore !'--(L.) 'Hab (F. P.) 'Nein gnädiger Herr Doktor, ich Suisse P-r. (L.) 'Ach! entsehuldigen Sie mich?'-'Aber Herr O wird gleich Kommen; soll ich Ihnen eine Tasse Thee anbieten?'—(L.) 'Ich danke; Monsieur parle Français peut-être? Voudriez vous avoir la bonté de me donner une allumette et, avec votre permission, je fumerai un petit cigare: Monsieur, fume-t-il-aussi? "Pas encore," c'est bien. Monisieur aime la musique? You are also compositor?—
(F. P., delighted to be anything English) 'No, but very fond of music.'—(L.) 'So! It is now long years since I speak English, but I understand it, and I beg it of you speak your tongue, and I respond in French. Ah! voilà Le Clavecin bien Temperé de Seb. Bach, edition Franz Kroll,-mon élève.' . . . About this time I appeared on the scene, and greeted the honoured guest.

"After some interesting musical talk, he kindly asked to see some of my work, and, to our delight, went to the pianoforte—an Erard which we had hired —and put 'Happy Hours' (which Sims Reeves sang so finely at the Hereford Festival) before him. By way of prelude—the cigar was in his right hand—he took with his left hand the chord of D flat in arpeggios from the lowest bass to the highest treble of the instrument, and this about as quickly as any other hand could be passed rapidly over the keyboard withou touching it. He played the song through as a 'Lied öhne Wörte,' at its second verse introducing its melody between his hands, with the improvised arpeggios on each side of it. Various things were on the desk which he certainly could not have previously seen, and which he not only dashed off a prima vista, but extemporized on them. Inter alia, he played some Church music in a style which gave the idea that he also played the organ, which was afterwards ascertained to be the fact, by one of his pupils mentioning that he heard Liszt play on that instrument Bach's difficult Fugue in A flat, No. 17, Book II. of the '48,' and with independent pedals. No one could have been more kind or encouraging. One can understand the powers of fascination he possesses over young men; so that, wherever he may be, he is followed, and a kind of colony is formed of his disciples. So it is in the 'Eternal City,' where several young musicians are studying under him. It is said that he receives no pecuniary remuneration from them, although Mr. Odo Russell,* who is good authority, told me that the great pianist is by no means wealthy. told me that the great pianist is by no means wealthy. In hope of answering your query, I asked one of Liszt's pupils if anything definite had been done relative to the concerts talked of in Paris. The reply was, 'He may possibly direct a performance there of some of his works, but it is not the least likely that he will play in public.' Before receiving your letter, I had entreated him to come again to London, where so many of us are longing to hear him; but he does not seem to fancy England, and said he had 'both forgotten English and how to play the pianoforte.' The latter assertion was disposed of last week, when the rare privilege was afforded of hearing him on the only occasion of his giving a 'recital' (a word of his invention) this winter. tion) this winter. This memorable event took place

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M. Reyer, the composer of the opera Salammbo," and the successor of Berlioz on the Journal des Débats, contributed to that paper the following article on Liszt during his sojourn in Paris previous to the last visit to London in

" I was at Rome, and this is already some time ago, when Lisst, with the aid of a change of dress, became a new personality. The great virtuoso consecrated himself to religious art, and became the Abbé Liszt. A foreign princess, whose name Berlioz inscribed on the first page of his score of the 'Troyens,' and to whom I had the honour to be presented, said to me one day: 'Go to the Vatican and ask for Liszt, who shares the apartment of Monseigneur de Hohenlohe; he will be pleased to see you, and when you see him you will be, perhaps, surprised.' I went to the Vati-can, and was not the least in the world surprised to see Liszt in a soulane. It was the secret of Polichinelle, and since I was at Rome, at the Embassy, like at the Villa Médicis, they only spoke of the conver-sion, or, more correctly, the change of dress of the illustrious pianist. Liszt was smoking : he offered m a cigar, and, whilst I seated myself on a sofa, he walked up and down, sending puffs of smoke sometime at the Virgin, and sometimes at our Saviour, terracotta figures of whom were placed at two corners opposite the apartment. I remember even, that having said to Liszt: 'Do you not fear that the odour of the mber even, that having tobacco will be unpleasant to those august personages?' he smiled piously, and I added: 'In fact, it is, per-haps, for them a different kind of incense.' We talked on for some time, speaking much more of Berlioz, of whom Liszt was the friend, than of Wagner, of whom

he was not as yet the disciple," or the father-in-law, as far as I know; and the conversation with this amiable man was more than agreeable. He also spoke on some very interesting topics, and he made believe that I said the same, so much so, that he seemed interested in listening to me. At the end of an hour the third cigar was out, and he asked me if I would like to accompany him. His clerical cloak was on a chair; he took it, turned and returned it, without on a chair; he took it, turned and returned it, without being able to distinguish the back from the front, from want of habit. I told him that, having served at Mass, and frequented the sacristy in my childhood, as an amateur enfant de chaur, I might perhaps assist. an amateur enfant as trasser, him to place the cloak in a proper manner on his inspiral me. While talking, I said to Liszt, that at the end of my sojourn at Rome, I was going to Baden to direct a grand International concert, on the programme of which appeared the names of the most illustrious masters of Germany, names of the most illustrious masters of Germany, France, and Italy. He thought, no doubt, of Hungary, but did not mention it. The question was postponed. I started for Naples, Amalfi, Castellamare, and Pæstum, not to gather roses, because there have not been any for a long time. The glare of the sun on the white and dusty road made me nearly blind, and, on my return to Rome, I was condemned, after ineffectually using several kinds of ointment for the eyes, to stop eight days in a dark room. Liszt came to see me nearly every day; we remained together for eyes, to stop eight days in a dark room. Liszt came to see me nearly every day; we remained together for many long hours, and I understood the object of his visits. The programme of my International concert preoccupied me, and I offered him, knowing the desire that he did not care to express, to include in it one of his 'Preludes.' My proposition was accepted. Before my departure, and as soon as I was allowed to go out, we came across expressions of the Ville we came across each other sometimes at the Villa Torlonia, at the Comte Henri d'Ideville's, then secretary of the French Embassy, and it was there that I heard him play the piano for the first time. He did not dazzle me more by the rapidity of his fingers, than he charmed by the purity of his style. The concert at Baden, given before a very large and cosmopolitan audience, was very brilliant. They applauded Liszt in the redoubtable neighbourhood of Wagner and Some time after this, the master wrote to me, I do not know what for. All that I know is, that the 'Preludes' having been played, it was not anything about the 'Preludes,' and that he called me in the letter, 'Mon cher Monsieur'; I answered him, 'Monsieur l'Abbé,' and there our intercourse finished. When, the day before yesterday, the came to Saint Eustache, followed by an imposing cortège, it was at least twenty years since I saw him last. He has aged, but the head has remained beautiful, although the features have lost much of their energy. The eyes appear veiled, and if it were not for his decorations, one would take him for a man separated from all the greatness of this world.

The late Dr. Hueffer, shortly after Liszt's death in 1886, contributed an interesting "In Memoriam" article to the Fortnightly Review. Dr. Hueffer, after alluding to the advantage of hearing Liszt play in a friendly circle, wrote :

"It was under such favourable circumstances that I was privileged to listen to these revelations, and on one occasion with greater delight than on the last, in the summer of 1884 at Bayreuth, where I had journeyed with a party of friends to hear the repetition.
Wagner's 'Parsifal.' Liszt never missed one of performances, and was always surrounded by a bevy of princesses and duchesses, Russian, German and French. At such times one did not care much to trouble the master with a visit, but, being told by Hans Richter that he wished particularly to see me, I called on him at the house where he used to take up his quarters in order to avoid the crowd of visitors always besieged Wagner's house 'Wahnfried.' Lisz received me with the profusion of politeness, 'grati tude for what I had done for his music in England, and the like, which belonged to his courtly manner, and always reminded one of his own saying that if he had not been a musician, he would have been the first

^{*} M. Reyer is very much mistaken. † In March, 1886.

^{*} Soon after confirmed. † Afterwards Lord Ampthill.

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Franz biszt.

DESCRIBED BY SOME OF HIS MUSICAL CONTEMPORARIES.

(Compiled and translated by Andrew Ternant.)

(Concluded from vol. x., p. 304.)

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HE once famous musical critic, Fiorentino, in an article in the now defunct Parisian newspaper, the Constitutionnel, describes in a characteristic manner how Felix Godefroid was indebted to Liszt for launching him on a successful career in the

musical world: "At the age of fifteen, having nothing more to learn. Felix Godefroid found himself suddenly thrown on his own resources in the streets of Paris, possessing marvellous talent, but dying of hunger, like many other victims of a Government that would fain pre-tend to patronise art. His family, overwhelmed in difficulties, could not assist him. He fell into the most frightful distresses, like Chatterton, Gilbert, and many poets and musicians, who were too proud to to stoop to artifice and entreaty to procure them a livelihood. He composed romances which no one would purchase; he offered to copy music, to sing in churches, to play at public balls; he could gain no employment. He spoke to the porter of the house in which he had his miserable apartment to procure him pupils for the piano, at such a trifle per lesson as would be ridiculous to mention. The porter a good man in the main, had a daughter who took lessons on the piano, but she had no master, and, moreover, the talents of Godefroid inspired neither father nor daughter with any great confidence. They refused the proffered services of their young lodger, but, to soften their refusal, they admitted him to their intimacy and their table. These kind folks lived somewhat at their ease, and practised hospitality after the ancient manner. The porter occupied his leisure moments in working at the business of a locksmith. The daughter displayed some ability on the piano and guitar. Godefroid, not being able to render himself useful as a musician, wished, at least, to make himself useful to his host in his trade. So it was the hand that drew sounds from the harp, which since so often delighted and astonished the public, had resource to beating on an anvil and blowing the bellows. The bells of the Hôtel de l'Universe were partly fashioned by Felix Godefroid. In the meantime his brother Jules died, and the regret he heard pronounced on every side for the death of the celebrated artist added poignancy to his grief. 'I, too,' said he to himself, weeping, 'would become celebratea if they would hear me.' By some fatality of circumstance no one would hear him. Erard, the providence of artists, gave way to the vulgar prejudices, which would not admit that in the same family there could exist two young artists of such rare endowments. He consented at length to hear young Godefroid. But obstacles of another nature retarded their interviewobstacles which never fail to compromise the advance ment of the artist. Godefroid had not clothes sufficiently decent in which he could with propriety appear at the house of his protector. At last, by the assistance of his kind landlord, he was fitted with a dress, and forthwith repaired to the Rue de Maille. He was received in that mansion of universal hospitality with affectionate cordiality. As usual, a large auditory was assembled. The domestic brought a harp, and the young artist was requested to try the instrument. t passed that moment in the heart of poor Godefroid those on y can understand who have set their whole life on the cast of a die. He preluded with sufficient courage, but his hands began to tremble; the tears gushed from his eyes, and he no longer knew what he was doing. The company at first listened to him with some interest; to interest succeeded indifference, to indifference distraction; then fellowed conversation in an undertone, and the poor executant was no further heeded. At this moment Franz Liszt entered.

He saluted Madame Erard, shook hands with the master of the house, and spoke of the weather other interesting topics, as though Godefroid and his harp had never existed. The poor harpist continued his performance, not daring to exhibit his annoyance at the interruption, nor to cease playing his sonata. On a sudden Liszt stopped short in the midst of a sentence, listened for an instant, and, springing up, cried aloud, 'This is an admirable artist!' approaching Godefroid with that burlesque familiarity which is one of the principal traits of his character, 'My friend,' said he, 'what are you doing in Paris? What are your occupations?' 'I work with a smith, and make bells,' answered Godefroid with simplicity. The spectators regarded each other in astonish ment, believing that the young man had lost his reason. Liszt alone understood him. 'Will you Godefroid come to London with me?' he asked. did not know how to reply. He turned his troubled looks from Liszt to the harp, and from the harp back again to Liszt. 'Accept,' said Erard to him, 'this instrument which has proved to you so dear a friend'; and at the same time he slipped into his hands a bank bill for a thousand francs. The next day Liszt and Godefroid departed for London. When Liszt's first concert was announced, the name of Godefroid figured on the bill in as gigantic letters as that of the beneficiaire. On his return to Paris, the artist had only to be heard to take his position at once in the first rank of living

WAGNER.

Wagner describes in a touching manner his first acquaintance with Liszt in Paris:

"I met Liszt for the first time during my earliest stay in Paris, and at a period when I renounced the hope, nay, even the wish, of a Parisian reputation; and, indeed, was in a state of internal revolt against the life I found there. At our meeting Liszt appeared to me the most perfect contrast to my own being and situation. In this world, to which it had been my desire to fly from my narrow circumstances, Liszt had grown up, from his earliest age, so as to be the object of general love and admiration at a time when I was repulsed by general coldness and want of sympathy. . . . In consequence, I looked upon him with suspicion. I had no opportunity of disclosing my being and working to him, and therefore the reception I met with on his part was altogether of a superficial kind, as was indeed quite natural in a man whom every day the most divergent impressions But I was not in a mood to look with unprejudiced eyes for the natural cause of his behaviour, which, friendly and obliging in itself, could not but hurt me in that state of my mind. never repeated my first call on Liszt; and without knowing or even wishing to know him, I was prone to look upon him as strange and adverse to my

"My repeated expression of this feeling was afterwards reported to Liszt, just at the time when my 'Rienzi' at Dresden attracted general attention. He was surprised to find himself misunderstood with such violence by a man whom he had scarcely know, and whose acquaintance now seemed not without value to him. I am still touched at recollecting the repeated and eager attempts he made to change my opinion of him, even before he knew any of my works. He acted not from any artistic sympathy, but led by the purely human wish of discontinuing a casual discord between himself and another being; perhaps he also felt an infinitely tender misgiving of having really hurt me unconsciously. . . .

"List soon afterwards witnessed a performance of 'Rienzi' at L'resden, on which he had almost to insist; and after that I heard from all the different corners of the world where he had been on his artistic excursions, how he had everywhere expressed his delight with my music; and indeed had—I would rather believe unintentionally—canvassed people's opinions in my favour. This happened at a time when it became more and more evident that my dramatic works would have no outward success. But just when the case seemed desperate, List succeeded by his own energy in opening a hopeful refuge to my art. He ceased his wanderings, settled down at the small modest Weimar, and took up the conductor's bâton, after having been at home so long in the splendour of

the greatest cities of Europe. At Weimar I saw him for the last time, when I rested a few days in Thuringia, not yet certain whether the threatened persecution would compel me to continue my flight from Germany. The very day when my personal danger became a certainty I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my 'Tannhäuser,' and was astonished at recognising my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing the music, he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he proclaimed in making it heard. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend I gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had longed for and sought for always in the wrong place.

"At the end of my last stay in Paris, when ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my 'Lohengrin,' totally forgotten by me. Suddenly I felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was the news that preparations for the performance were being made on the largest scale the limited means of Weimar would permit. Everything that men and circumstances could do was done in order to make the work understood. . . . Errors and misconceptions impeded the desired success. What was to be done to supply what was wanted, so as to further the true understanding on all sides, and with it the ultimate success of the work? Liszt saw it at once, and did it. He gave to the public his own impression of the work in a manner the convincing eloquence and overpowering efficacy of which remain unequalled. Success was his reward, and with this success he approached me, saying: Behold, we have come so far; now create us a new work, that we may go still further.'

Wagner wrote subsequently and extensively about his future father-in-law, as may be seen in the collection of his contributions to musical literature, which has been published in nine volumes. It is needless to remind even the merest tyro of musical history that the friendship of Liszt and Wagner lasted until death.

MARMONTEL.

Marmontel, who during nearly half a century at the Paris Conservatoire trained quite a small army of professional pianists, in one of his volumes on the famous virtuosi of his time, relates the following charming anecdote about Light.

"Before returning from Germany and Hungary, where the Imperial favour made him the Intendant and Count of music, Liszt had sojourned some months in Paris. I had heard him at this period at my friend Halévy's, and also at Rossini's. He was always the same great artist, in love with glory and noise, amiable, gallant, and not disdaining any of the creations of God and the beauties of nature. I will mention a charming word he addressed to a young and beautiful lady at a soirée of Rossini's. The celebrated artist bent very tenderly near the magnificent shoulders of Madame de X—, in toilette de bal, and was plunged in a silent but intense ecstasy. The young lady was startled, and exclaimed: "Well, Monsieur Liszt!" But the gallant virtuoso, without troubling himself, replied, 'Pardon, madame, I only look to see if your wings are growing! The glance was flattering, and the reply a compliment. Liszt was not pardoned, but admired."

SIR HERBERT OAKELEY.

The analytical programme of the annual Reid Concert at Edinburgh on March 14, 1887, contains the following letter from Sir Herbert Oakeley to Sir George Grove:

"Piazzi di Spagna, Rome,
"February 19, 1865.
"My DEAR GROVE,—The first interview wi

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thereon, having a claim, I believe, as member of some order or fraternity, to take up his abode at any monastery in Italy he may choose to select, and perhaps hence the report of his becoming an Abbate. Having eluded the Neapolitan, and entered our sitting-room he found himself in the presence of F. P., who re-ceived the great man with a kettle in one hand and a Euclid' in the other-weapons which were doubtless taken up by that ready youth, not only as being at hand, but as emblematical of some of the unrivalled characteristics of the playing of the illustrious visitor; for instance, of his powers of making the pianoforte sing, and of executing or solving with mathematical precision unheard-of difficulties and problems. Then, as I was struggling to combat the usual bad luck at such hurried moments, I heard fragments of a motley dialogue going on in the ad-joining room, partly in Italian, in German, in French, or in English, something after this fashion: (L.) Buon giorno, Signor O! Sono lietissimo di vede -(F. P.) 'Accomodatevi, mio Signore !'-(L.) 'Hab ich die Ehre mit dem Herrn O Zu sprechen?'-(F. P.) 'Nein gnädiger Herr Doktor, ich Suisse P -(L.) 'Ach! entsehuldigen Sie mich?'-(F. P.)
'Aber Herr O wird gleich Kommen; soll ich Ihnen eine Tasse Thee anbieten?'-(L.) 'Ich danke; Monsieur parle Français peut-être? Voudriez vous avois la bonté de me donner une allumette et, avec votre permission, je fumerai un petit cigare: fume-t-il-aussi? "Pas encore," c'est bien. Mon sieur aime la musique? You are also compositor?'— (F. P., delighted to be anything English) 'No, but nd of music.'-(L.) 'So! It is now long year since I speak English, but I understand it, and I beg it of you speak your tongue, and I respond in French. Ah! voilà Le Clavecin bien Temperé de Seb. Bach, edition Franz Kroll,—mon élève.' . . . About this time I appeared on the scene, and greeted the

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M. Reyer, the composer of the opera 'Salammbo," and the successor of Berlioz on the Journal des Débats, contributed to that paper the following article on Liszt during his sojourn in Paris previous to the last visit to London in

"I was at Rome, and this is already some time ago, when Liszt, with the aid of a change of dress, became a new personality. The great virtuoso consecrated himself to religious art, and became the Abbé Liszt. A foreign princess, whose name Berlioz inscribed on A foreign princess, whose name Bernoz inscribed on the first page of his score of the 'Troyens,' and to whom I had the honour to be presented, said to me one day: 'Go to the Vatican and ask for Liszt, who shares the apartment of Monseigneur de Hohenlohe; he will be pleased to see you, and when you see him you will be, perhaps, surprised.' I went to the Vati-can, and was not the least in the world surprised to Liszt in a soutane. It was the secret of Polichinelle, and since I was at Rome, at the Embassy, like at the Villa Médicis, they only spoke of the conversion, or, more correctly, the change of dress of the illustrious pianist. Liszt was smoking; he offered me a cigar, and, whilst I seated myself on a sofa, he walked up and down, sending puffs of smoke som at the Virgin, and sometimes at our Saviour, terra-cotta figures of whom were placed at two corners opposite the apartment. I remember even, that having Do you not fear that the odour of the tobacco will be unpleasant to those august personages? he smiled piously, and I added: 'In fact, it is, perhaps, for them a different kind of incense.' on for some time, speaking much more of Berlioz, of whom Liszt was the friend, than of Wagner, of whom

he was not as yet the disciple," or the father-in-law, as far as I know; and the conversation with this amiable man was more than agreeable. He also spoke on some very interesting topics, and he made me believe that I said the same, so much so, that he seemed interested in listening to me. At the end of an hour the third cigar was out, and he asked me if I would like to accompany him. His clerical cloak was on a chair; he took it, turned and returned it, without being able to distinguish the back from the front, from want of habit. I told him that, having served at Mass, and frequented the sacristy in my childhood, as an amateur enfant de chœur, I might perhaps assist him to place the cloak in a proper manner on his shoulders. Heaven inspired me. While talking, I said to Liszt, that at the end of my sojourn at Rome, I was going to Baden to direct a grand International concert, on the programme of which appeared the names of the most illustrious masters of Germany, France, and Italy. He thought, no doubt, of Hungary, but did not mention it. The question was postponed. I started for Naples, Amali, Castellamare, and Pæstum, not to gather roses, because there have not been any for a long time. The glare of the sun on the white and dusty road made me nearly blind, and, on my return to Rome, I was condemned, after ineffectually using several kinds of ointment for the eyes, to stop eight days in a dark room. Liszt came to see me nearly every day; we remained together for many long hours, and I understood the object of his The programme of my International concert preoccupied me, and I offered him, knowing the desire that he did not care to express, to include in it one of his 'Preludes.' My proposition was accepted. Before my departure, and as soon as I was allowed to go out, we came across each other sometimes at the Torlonia, at the Comte Henri d'Ideville's, then secretary of the French Embassy, and it was there that I heard him play the piano for the first time. He did not dazzle me more by the rapidity of his fingers, than he charmed by the purity of his style. The concert at Baden, given before a very large and cosmopolitan audience, was very brilliant. They applauded Lisat in the redoubtable neighbourhood of Wagner and Berlioz. Some time after this, the master wrote to me, I do not know what for. All that I know is, that the 'Preludes' having been played, it was not anything about the 'Preludes,' and that he called me in the letter, 'Mon cher Monsieur'; I answered him, 'Monsieur l'Abbé,' and there our intercourse finished. When, the day before yesterday, + he came to Saint Eustache, followed by an imposing cortège, it was at least twenty years since I saw him last. He has aged, but the head has remained beautiful, although the features have lost much of their energy. The eyes appear veiled, and if it were not for his decorations, one would take him for a man separated from all the greatness of this world.

DR. HUEFFER.

The late Dr. Hueffer, shortly after Liszt's death in 1886, contributed an interesting "In Memoriam" article to the Fortnightly Review. Dr. Hueffer, after alluding to the advantage of hearing Liszt play in a friendly circle, wrote:

"It was under such favourable circumstances that I was privileged to listen to these revelations, and on one occasion with greater delight than on the last, in the summer of 1884 at Bayreuth, where I had jour-neyed with a party of friends to hear the repetition of Wagner's 'Parsifal.' Liszt never missed one of these performances, and was always surrounded by a bevy of princesses and duchesses, Russian, German and French. At such times one did not care much to trouble the master with a visit, but, being told by Hans Richter that he wished particularly to see me, I called on him at the house where he used to take up his quarters in order to avoid the crowd of visitors always besieged Wagner's house 'Wahnfried.' received me with the profusion of politeness, 'gratiand the like, which belonged to his oursig that if he had not been a musician, he would have been the first he had not been a musician, he would have been the first

^{*} Soon after confirmed. † Afterwards Lord Ampthill.

^{*} M. Reyer is very much mistaken. † In March, 1886.

diplomatist in Europe. He did not play at that time, and I did not expect to see him again, but the next morning, at a little after seven, I heard a loud knock at my bedroom-door, and when, with the disregard of imperfect attire which one acquires abroad, I asked the supposed waiter or chambermaid to enter, in come Liszt with many excuses for his early call. He always rose, he said, at four in the morning, and his time for paying visits was from six to eight a.m. Having shown the master into a more fitting apartment, and finished my toilet in great haste, I had another long, interesting conversation, and as I accompanied him back across the fine old square in which the dirtiest and most malodorous of hostelries, the Reichsadler, is situated, he asked me to come to his house that afternoon to hear some of his pupils perform. No sooner had the ladies of our party heard of this invitation than they insisted upon being included in it, and when this had been accomplished they demanded, with the urgency peculiar to their sex, that I should make the master play to them. This I knew from experience to be by no means an easy task, for Liszt never played when directly asked to do so, and on one occasion was said to have refused the Pope himself. Diplomacy, therefore, would be necessary, and this in the presence of the great diplomate manque! We arrived, how ever, in due season at the house of Liszt, who was surrounded by a number of pupils and by a miscellaneous company, including a nun and a Russian princess, one of the most portly and most amiable ladies I have ever met. The conversation turned upon general, and subsequently upon musical, topics, but what was in everyone's mind-the wish that the master should play—no one dared utter. At last despair brought me sudden inspiration. Happening to talk of Italian literature, in which Liszt, as in every other literature, was perfectly at home, I re-ferred to the difficulty which the sonnet, with its rhythmical division into double-quartet and final sestet, offered for musical setting, and added with perfect sincerity that the only composer who had completely overcome that difficulty was Liszt himself in his 'Tre Sonnetti di Petrarca porti in musica per la voce. Citing the opening lines of the second of these

" ' Benedetto sia'l giorno e'l mese, e l'anno E la Stagione, e'l tempo, e' l'ora, e'l punto,

I pretended to have forgotten for the moment the tune to which these lines are wedded. This was enough for Liszt. Bounding up from his corner of the sofa, he went to the piano and played the beautiful melody from beginning to end. This naturally led to the other sonnets of the collection, and, ice once broken, one piece followed the other in uninter-rupted and delightful succession. . . . Our party consisted of a hard-worked and weary critic, a muchadmired (and therefore much-employed) prima donna, a distinguished amateur, and one of our leading conductors-all of us case-hardened, one would say, against musical impressions. When Liszt had we did not feel inclined, like the young ladies of Berlin, to fight over the fragments of his furniture; we did not even applaud; but when we left the house, we felt that we had been in the presence of something supremely great, something unique of its kind, something, as one of the party ssed it, 'as unlike any other man's playing, as expressed it, 'as unlike any other man's playing Wagner's music is unlike any other man's music.

There are many more descriptions of Liszt by his musical contemporaries deserving of quotation in these pages, but as it is impossible to include everything, and as many musical writers have not as yet jotted down their recollections on paper, it is to be hoped that these sketches from life will sufficiently depict the extraordinary career of Franz Liszt, who, although a Hungarian by birth, a Frenchman by education, an Italian by his connection with the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and a German by artistic sympathy, was more than other representative of the universal language of music, a citizen of the

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

Music in Berlin.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

HE principal musical event of the past month has been the performance of the Mozart Cyclus of operas at the Royal Opera House, which came to a successful and brillian close with the performance of the "Magic Flute, on December 5, the anniversary of Mozart's death. The management of the Opera House deserve great credit for reviving the lesser known works of the great master of German opera, and presenting his entire list of operas in the short space of two weeks. Just as the Mozart Cyclus ended, a Wagner Cyclus was announced, the first to be given being "The Flying Dutchman," followed by "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Meistersingers." The series will end with a performance of the "Nibelungen Ring." On December 13, Gounod's "Faust" was put on the stage again after an absence of ten years, and, artistically and musically, it was produced with undoubted thoroughness and finish. The anniversary of Mozart's death was observed by the Philharmonic and Concert-House Orchestras, each arranging programmes given up entirely to his compositions.

November 22, the Lutheran Day of Penitence the orchestra and chorus of the Opera-House gave an evening concert, at which Bach's Suite in D fo orchestra, Aria and chorus from Handel's "Joshua, E flat piano Concerto from Beethoven, and Cherubini's "Requiem" in C minor were given. The Handel Aria was sung by Herr Betz, one of the bass soloists of the Opera-House, in a most finished manner. Franz Rummel performed the Beethoven Concerto, and met with the same warm reception that he received at his opening concert earlier in the season. While his rendering of the Concerto did not dazzle one by its brilliancy, yet he performed it, technically speaking, in an almost faultless manner. The interest o The interest of the evening contred in the Cherubini number, which the chorus sang with great expression. In certain parts the superb orchestra seemed to cover up the chorus, which is not as large as it might be, and on such occasions as these, when works are given which require great volume of tone, the chorus might easily be augmented.

The second concert of the Sterncher Verein pro duced one novelty, "Forest Maidens," composed by Heinrich Hoffman, for soli, chorus and orchestra, and now heard for the first time. Besides one or effective numbers—and by effective is meant "taking" the composition has not enough merit to warrant the length of time occupied in its performance, one and a half hours. Of the soloists, Frau Schmidt-Köhne soprano, had the most important work to perform while the honours were taken by Frl. Fellwock, who possesses a beautiful quality of contralto combined with a quiet, easy manner of singing. Herr Haase, bass, sang his part dramatically, and with effect. The second part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," the classical beauty of which offered a most refreshing change to the lack of originality in the "Forest Maidens."

At the first concert of the Wagner Verein the entire programme was given up to selections from "Parsifal," the second half of the first act, the second scene from the second act, and the vorspiel to, and the second half of the third act being the numbers selected for performance. The soloists were well selected, and were all artists. Parsifal, Herr Anthes from Dresden; Amfortas, Herr Plank from Carlsruhe; Gurnemanz, Herr Gillmeister from Hanover, and Titmel, Herr Severin from The music possesses wonderful power; one had but to notice the faces of the vast audience, to see how they sat there spell-hound, to be firmly con-vinced that Wagner could appeal more strongly to the feelings of humanity than any other musician the world has ever known. So great was the spell upon the audience that the entire music of the "Magic Maidens" had to be repeated. If, as his enemies state, Wagner did not write music, will they kindly tell us what they would call the music he has written for female voices in "Tannhäuser," "Rhein-gold," "Walkure," and the "Dusk of the Gods"?

The third concert of the Joachim Quartet opened with a sextet by Klughardt, a somewhat lengthy composition, but possessing merit of more than average order. Schumann's F major, Op. 41, and Schubert's D minor quartets completed the programme. At the fourth and last concert of the first cyclus, Mendelssohn's F minor, Op. 80, Beethoven's B flat, Op. 130, and Haydn's quartet in D, Op. 64, comprised the evening's work.

On December 6, Herr Barth was the soloist at the regular Symphony Concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and played the piano Concerto of Brahms in D minor, Op. 15, and Schumann's A minor, Op. 54. The Brahms concerto is very seldom given here, and Prof. Barth deserves great credit for placing it on his programme, as it is a work not calculated to show off the virtuosity of the player, its merit lying in its worth as a composition.

The combination concert of Joachim and D'Albert at the Philharmonic called forth a large and enthusiastic audience intent upon doing honour to these favourites of musical Berlin. The programme was a rich one, affording great interest to the musician. There were three sonatas for violin and piano: Mozart's in E minor, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, and Brahms' in A major. Besides these, there was the Bach Andante and Finale for violin alone, most exquisitely played by Joachim, while D'Albert played Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 3, and the Polonaise,

Op. 44.

The fourth "Sinfonie Abend" of the Opera-House rchestra consisted of Schumann's "Gen-Weber's "Oberon" overtures, and Berlioz's "Harold" symphony, and Beethoven's C major, No. 1. Owing to Herr Weingartner's illness, Dr. Muck directed, and received a warm and earnest reception. For the same reason Dr. Muck took charge of the fifth concert, December 15, it being a Beethoven evening, all the numbers being from his compositions. "Egmont" and "Leonore II." overtures overtures were given, and the Fourth and Fifth Sympho

At the fourth concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Liszt's "Faust" symphony and the "Tannhäuser" overture were given. de Vere-Sapio sang the recitative and aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Herr Arno Hilf played the D major violin Concerto of Beethoven, Op. 61. The fifth concert, Teresa D'Albert-Carreño was the soloist, and gave the E minor Chopin Concerto in a most brilliant manner, and especially the closing number. Besides the Cherubini "Anacreon" over-ture and the Schumann C major Symphony, there a "Sappho" overture by Goldmarx, he the first time. It is a new work, having been finished October 17, 1893, is full of rich themes and modern harmony, and will make a welcome addition to the repertory of an orchestra.

INSLOW.

Music in Dortsmouth.

R. GEORGE MILLER, Mus. Bac. (Cantab), the talented bandmaster Royal Marine Light Infantry, is earnestly striving to elevate the musical tone of the district, and few provincials are privileged to listen locally to such an excellently rendered programme as on the afternoon of Saturday, December 16, at the Pavilion of the Southsea Esplanade Pier. His own highly-trained band was augmented by several efficient amateurs, the combinan being very effective. The instrumental portion of the programme was:

- Concert Overture (No. 2) "The Isle of Fingal"
 Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
 Elegiac Melody ("The Last Spring") ... Grieg
 The first movement in Brahms' second Symphony
 Op. 73, in D major.
 Scherzo from the "Pastoral" Symphony
 Besthoren
- Andante (Pilgrim's March) in Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

 Barcarolle from the Concerto in F minor Sterndale Bennett.

 Minuet from "Berenice" ... Handel.
- Minuet from "Berenice" ... Han Ballade for Orchestra ... Stewart Macpher.

Miss Helen Saunders (contralto) was the vocalist and Miss Cora Cardigan played some highly-applauded selections both on flute and piccolo.

Music in Bristof.

URING the month of November several go concerts have been given, the principal of which was the second of Messrs. Harrison's series. Mdme. Albani was to have been the prima donna of the evening, but, having suc-cumbed to the trying weather, was obliged to give up at the very last. It was of course no small disappointment to those present, but they can look forward pointment to those present, but they can look forward to the third of Messrs. Harrison's concerts, as Mdme. Albani has promised to sing then. Miss Palliser had also suffered from cold, but was able to appear, making a slight change in her songs, giving "When love is kind," instead of "The Reaper's Angelus." sang also the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," evidently tried her. Mdme. Belle Cole sang with her usual finish, and received an encore for her se song, "Sagnai," by Schira. Mr. Braxton Smith also pleased his audience to the pitch of demanding an encore, as did "I'm a roamer" by Signor Foli. The instrumental pieces were of a light character. Messrs. Lorraine, Kosman and Brooks united to perform an Allegro by Niels Gade; and solos by Mr. Kosman ('cellist) and Mr. Dawson (pianist) were en nowing the appreciative character of the audience.

The ninth season of the Popular Chamber Concerts

began on November 18 at the Victoria Rooms. Those who took part were Mr. Carrington and Mr. Bernard (violins), Mr. F. Gardner (viola), Mr. Edward Pavey (violoncello), Mr. Bourke (double bass), and Miss Mary Lock at the piano. There were two quintets, "The Taming of the Shrew," by Goetz, and one in G minor by the late Sir G. Macfarren—both new to Bristol. The former is scarcely likely to become popular with an ordinary audience. Mr. Bourke had no small part to fill—the leading theme in the third movement being assigned to the double bass, as well as a difficult cadenza—but he was quite equal to his Miss Lock also was efficient. There was a quartet by Schubert, or, rather, the fragment of one, in C minor. A fine study for violin and piano by Spohr was well given by Mr. Carrington and Miss Lock, and Mr. Pavey contributed two solos for the cello, a Berceuse by Dunkler, and Popper's "Papillons." Mr. Owen Roberts was the vocalist, and, though suffering slightly from cold, was able to give pleasure by his rendering of "Regret" and "Thro' the Night," by Schubert, also the serenade by Molique, "When the moon is brightly shining," and "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," from F. Clay's "Lalla Rookh.

certs on the 2nd and 25th respectively, both being devoted principally to ballads.

The greatest musical sensation perhaps was the pearance of Mr. Paderewski at Colston Hall on December I. The eminent pianist was in rare form, and the vast audience remained spellbound to the last. It may not be amiss to give the programme in extense.
It opened with Bach's "Chromatische Fantasia," and then followed Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31; ann's "Papillons," Op. 2; and Liszt's Fant on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"the last-named rousing his listeners to a pitch of com Valse having to be repeated. A Nocturne of his own composition followed, also encored, when the "Chant de Voyageur" from the performer's own pen was sub-stituted. A Valse Caprice by Rubinstein, and Liszt's Rhapsodie, No. 2, were to have completed the pro-gramme, but Mr. Paderewski had to yield to the torrents of applause and ultimately returned to the piano, adding Liszt's Sixth Rhapsodie in D flat. It would be impossible to individualize any one item as more charming than another; each received a render-

ing difficult to surpass.

An effort—valuable for the motives which prompted scheme—has been made to bring into closer nee the different musical societies in Bristol. This took the form of a musical conversazione, and it can only be regretted that complete success (from reasons not generally made known) did not attend the attempt. A pleasant, sociable evening was, howe

Music in Wandsworth.

HE Wandsworth Choral and Orchestra Society opened their winter season on Thursday, November 23, with a splendid rendering of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The hall was crowded, and the audience fully appreciated the admirable efforts of soloists, chorus and orchestra. Mr. Robert Grice rendered the bass solo, 'Eia, Mater, fons amoris," in a highly-finished manner. The quartet, "Sancta Mater," was faultlessly given by Miss Swinfen, Miss M. Elliott, and Messrs. Fryer and Grice. Miss M. Elliott's rich contralto voice heard to great advantage in the cavatina, "Fac ut portem Christi mortem." The final chorus, "In sempiterna sæcula," was a fitting finish to the choir's exertions, and was sung with grand effect. Great praise is due to Mr. G. A. Higgs, F.C.O., for the able manner in which he conducted the cor

Part II. was as follows: March, "Cornelius" (Mendelssohn), the Orchestra; Aria, "Love sound the alarm," Mr. Lawrence Fryer; Song, "Ah! wella-day!" Miss Meredyth Elliott; Part-song, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower"; Song, "Il Bacio," Miss Annie Swinfen; Song, "Blue-eyed Nancy," Mi Robert Grice; March and chorus, "Hail, blest abode ("Tannhäuser," Wagner).

Rotes from beeds.

THE Leeds Philharmonic Society opened its season, on November 21, with a really admirable performance of Berlioz's "Faust." The chorus was in its best form, singing well and entering into the spirit of the work with excellent results. The principal vocalists were all worthy of their parts. They were Mrs. Hutchinson (Marguerite), Mr. Edward Lloyd (Faust), Mr. Watkin Mills (Mephistopheles), and Mr. Dan Billington (Brander). The orchestra, save for want of greater sonority in the strings, was all that could reasonably be desired.

One of the pleasantest series of con parts is that given by the members of the Leeds String Quartet, consisting, as was the case last season, of Messrs. Müller, Fawcett, Gutfeld and Giessing. The first meeting was on November 29, when Beethoven's Op. 95, in F minor, and a quartet of Mozart's in D minor, were the quartets chosen, and these were excellently given. The programme also included a Scherzo by Mendelssohn and an Andante by Tschäik-Number of the quartet, and songs by Korbay and Rubinstein, agreeably sung by Miss Fanny Newveld.

Mr. Haddock's third evening on December 5 contained a welcome return to chamber-music. Mr. Haddock's

dock and Mr. de Munck were joined by Miss de Lara in Mendelssohn's cheerful trio in C minor, and by Mr. H. Krause in Beethoven's Serenade trio, and the reception accorded to these works should convince the concert-giver that his audience occasionally cares for something better than shop ballads. There were in-strumental solos, and the vocal element was supplied by Madame Duma, of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, who was heard in songs by Hoffman, Hatton and Wallace, as well as in a newsong, "The Mandoline Player," by Mr. G. Percy Haddock, which was received in very hearty fashion.

The Symphony Society—the best amateur band i Leeds—gave a supremely creditable concert on December 11. The programme was ambitious, but it cannot be said that anything but justice was done to it. A Haydn Symphony in G was very well played, and the overtures, "Prometheus" of Beethoven and Peter Schmoll" of Weber, if not given quite so well were still more than passably performed. An in-teresting feature was an arrangement for strings of two teresting feature was an arrangement for strings of two Luis Hebblethwaite sang in good style songs by Handel, Gounod and Overbeck, the first two of which panied by the band, and it was here that the roughest work of the concert was unfortunately displayed. It would surely be better to limit the accompanists" to a few selected "desks" only The last concert which can be noticed this n

was that on December 13, when Mr. Paderewski made his first appearance in Leeds at the second of the Leeds Subscription Concerts. The eminent planist was totally unsupported, but he seemed to have no difficulty in riveting the attention of an audience which completely filled the Town Hall. He is a really convincing artist, and it is only necessary to say that his programme contained the following: "Fantasic and Fugue," Bach-Liszt; Sonata, Op. 31, in E flat, Beethoven; "Papillons," Schumann; Fantaisic on "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn-Lisat; four short pieces by Chopin; a Nocturne by the recitalist; "Spinnerlied," Wagner-Liszt; and a Rhapody by Liszt.

Gadvan.

son of Gwalia, a national man in more than one sense, his proper form of name being the Rev. John Cadvan Davies.

Born in 1846, in the parish of Llangadfan, Montgomeryshire, his bardic name is emblematical of his birth-place. He showed his great poetical talent very young, when about ten years of age, and to-day he is considered one of the highest authorities on Welsh poetry.

He has been a great competitor at the national and local Eisteddfodau, and attributes to-day his steady rise and success to the old national insti-

tution-the Eisteddfod.

He possesses five bardic chairs, a very considerable number of gold and silver medals, also two gold and silver crowns. sented with the gold crown by the Prince of Wales (president of the day) at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, London, 1887. He had then won on the chief Epic poems at three successive National Eisteddfodau, viz., Liverpool, Carnarvon and London.

He has issued three volumes of his works, and is now busily engaged on the fourth. Is considered as Wales's foremost Eisteddfod conductor, having filled that capacity at three or four of the latter national gatherings; his stentorian and musical voice, and lively sense of humour, enabling him to do full justice to this

Lastly but not the least, he is a favourable and a very acceptable preacher; a great re-vivalist, also one of the foremost orators of the Synod. He is in connection with the Weslevan Methodist denomination, having been in the ministry for over twenty years—the following circuits among others, having been his fields of labour, viz., Coedllai, Beaumaris, Llanrhaiadr, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Dolgelley, and Towzn (Merioneth) where he is now stationed.

An interesting incident occurred to Madame Antoinette Sterling, on the occasion of her departure from Adelaide after her recent concert tour in Australia. She was expecting certain important papers from home, but had not received them when the Orient steamer, Ormus, by which she had booked a passage, left the harbour. The vessel had not long started when the documents reached the hands of Mr. Faulkner, her agent, who at once chartered a tug, and succeeded in catching up the liner while she was still going at comparatively slow speed. Amid considerable excitement the Ormus was stopped, while Mr. Faulkner went on board and handed the papers to Madame Sterling. The passengers gave him three ringing cheers as he left the vessel.

Death of Mr. G. H. Mitchell.

A NOTABLE MUSICIAN.

R. CHARLES HENRY MITCHELL, well-known Sunderland solicitor and music critic, had been ill for a long time past, and two months ago, acting on vice, he went to Bournemouth in the hope that the milder air of that well-known watering-place would prolong his life. Death is attributed to conm. The deceased gentleman was the son of an auctioneer. Adopting the law as a profession, he an auctioneer. Adopting the law as a procession, he served his articles partly with the late Mr. R. T. Wilkinson and partly with Mr. Henry Ritson, afterwards qualifying and starting practice on his own account in Frederick Street. He did little legal work at the County or Police Courts, but he had a considerable private practice as solicitor to the Havelock Building Society, and in other capacities. His spare time was devoted to

THE STUDY OF MUSIC,

of which he was an enthusiastic votary. On the violin especially Mr. Mitchell was considered an authority. He taught it and wrote about it, contributing a series of musical sonnets to the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC and other organs, and publishing various works, one of which, on the use of the violin and bow, had a large His latest brochure was entitled, "Violin Prosody; or, How to Play a Violin Solo, with Hints on Choosing a Violin." It is highly spoken of by musicians. Some years ago—in 1881—he wrote a novel, "Bainbridge Holme," under the name of "Charles Henry," which was published by Messrs. Remington and Co., New Bond Street, London. As a music critic, Mr. Mitchell also contributed many notices of concerts to local newspapers. He was personally acquainted with some of

THE LEADING MUSICIANS OF THE DAY, composers and executants, and his interest in the "divine art" may be said to have been lifelong. news of his demise was conveyed to the family in Sunderland by a telegram last night. Mr. Mitchell leaves a family of four, the eldest being only fourteen years old. His own age was forty-six years. His wife died about nine years ago.

Music in Glasgow.

E are now in full swing with our concert season, and one week this month we had no fewer than four orchestral concerts conducted by musicians of no mean posi-tion in the artistic world, viz., August Manns, and George Henschel, and bands composed of the best individual players, numbering from eight; to ninety performers each. Where is the city can boast of such an array of talent? Some of your readers may naturally ask for an explanation, but space will not permit of going into the why or the wherefore; it is enough, meantime, to chronicle the fact.

The Scottish Orchestra, under Mr. Henschel, had Señor Sarasate as solo player on the 27th of last month, and on December 2, Mrs. Henschel was solo vocalist, and had a great reception, the audience being the largest yet come together to hear what is here called "opposition scheme." Paderewski, on December 6, made his third appearance in Glasgow this winter, and had a crowded audience. The programme was and nad a crowded audience. The programme was long, and did not admit of encores. The Scottish Orchestra gave another concert on Monday, November 11, at which Plunket Greene sang, and M. Sous was solo violin; Brahms' Concerto and Liszt's Sym-

phonic Poem were the principal items.

The Choral Union series of Orchestral and Choral Concerts opened on Thursday, November 14. Mr. Manns had a great reception on taking up the bâton, which showed Glasgow had not forgotten what he had done to foster the cause of good music in our midst, and are still willing to support him in his en-deavours. Mr. Fred. Lamond was solo pianist, and

played Beethoven's No. 4 Concerto; the band also played Beethoven's Symphony, No. 2. There was a large audience.

The first of the Popular Saturday Concerts was given on the 16th, and the conductor had a still more enthusiastic reception on his appearance. Mons. Guilmant, the well-known French organist, played his own Concerto, No. 1, for Organ and Orchestra; Madame Emily Squire was vocalist. The programme also included Mozart's Parisian Symphony, and concluded with the "Tannhäuser" Overture, which, between the two orchestras, has now been played the fourth time this season. The audience was very large, which demonstrated that the public are not forgetting their old friends, the Choral Union, who are having a hard battle to fight, and so far they are not losin ground. Next week Sullivan's "Golden Legend will be given.

Patents.

HIS list is specially compiled for the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom whom information relating to patents may be had

21,100. Alfred Charles Ellis, 32, Owen Street, Bir-mingham. Musical instrument. November 7th, 1893.

21,176. Charles Spencer Thorn, 37, Chancery Lane, London. An improved music - stand. November 7th, 1893.

21,177. Walter Fenn, 37, Chancery Lane, London.

An improved music-stand and apparatus
for turning over the leaves of music. November 7th, 1893.

21,362. William Dodson, 8, Bryan Street, London. Contracted bridges for pianofortes. Novem ber 10th, 1893.

22,008. Willmot and Co., 4, Lauderdale Buildings, Aldersgate Street, London. Case for carrying music, etc. November 17th 1893.

22,095. Edward Arthur Rawlingson, 9, Merrion Row, Dublin. A new clef for the alto viola. November 18th, 1893.

22,108. William Dodson, 8, Bryan Street, London. Oliqued bracings or uprights for pianofortes. November 18th, 1893.

22,234. Arthur Octavius Windsor, 94, Newhall Street, Birmingham. The mandolin zither banjo. November 21st, 1893.

22,252. Thomas George Reeve, 3, Depôt Street, Newport, Monmouthshire. Music and Music and periodical case. November 21st, 1893.

22,291. Joseph Pletzer, 35, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. A new or improved adjustable support for the left hand on the necks of violins. November 21st, 1893.

22,429. David Bruce Cumming, 80, King's Road, Bootle, Liverpool. An improved automatic leaf turn-over.

22,926. James Meiklejohn, 63, Lancaster Road, Improvements in rests for Leytonstone. music books and the like for pianos and

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

17,718.	Weigle.	Organ pipes	Honus	2.20	1893.
22,181.	Fielder.	Music desk	***		1892,
22,256.	Pupeschi.	Musical instrum	nents		1892.
21,885.	Zavadil.	Music rack	***		1892.
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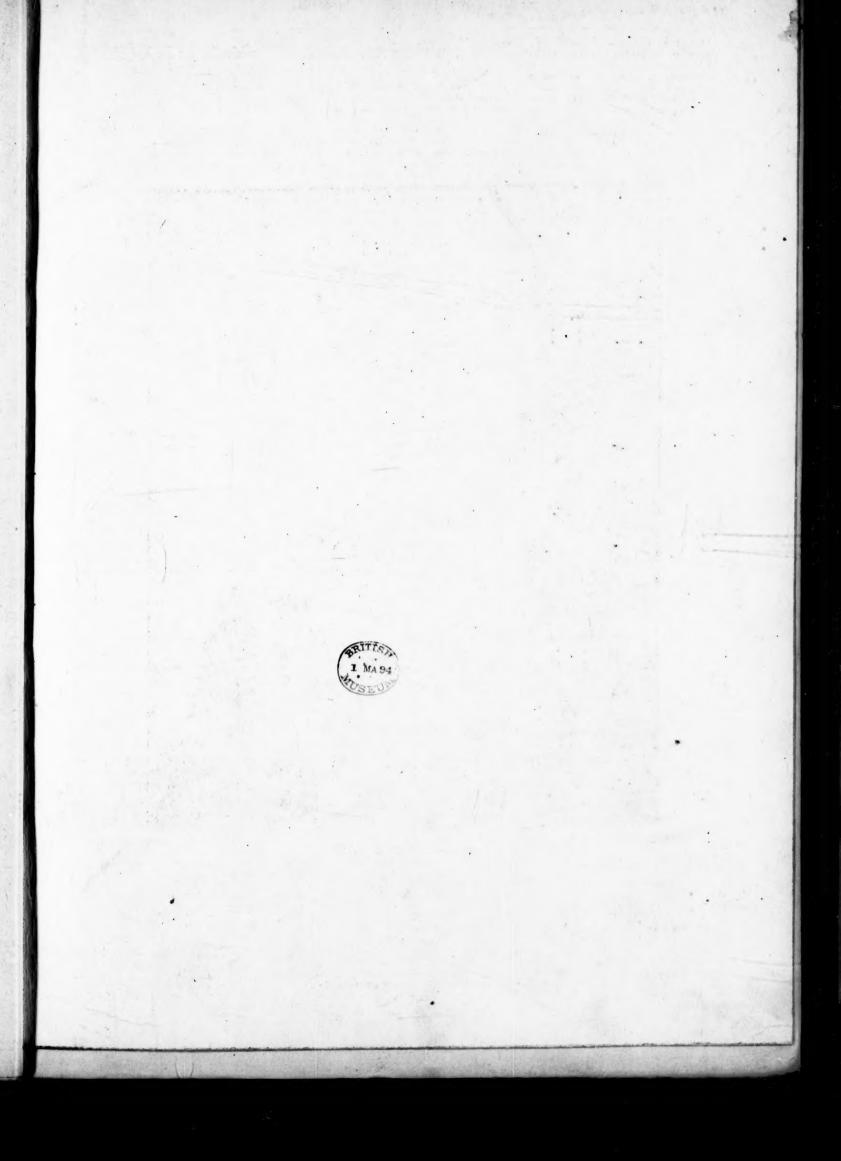
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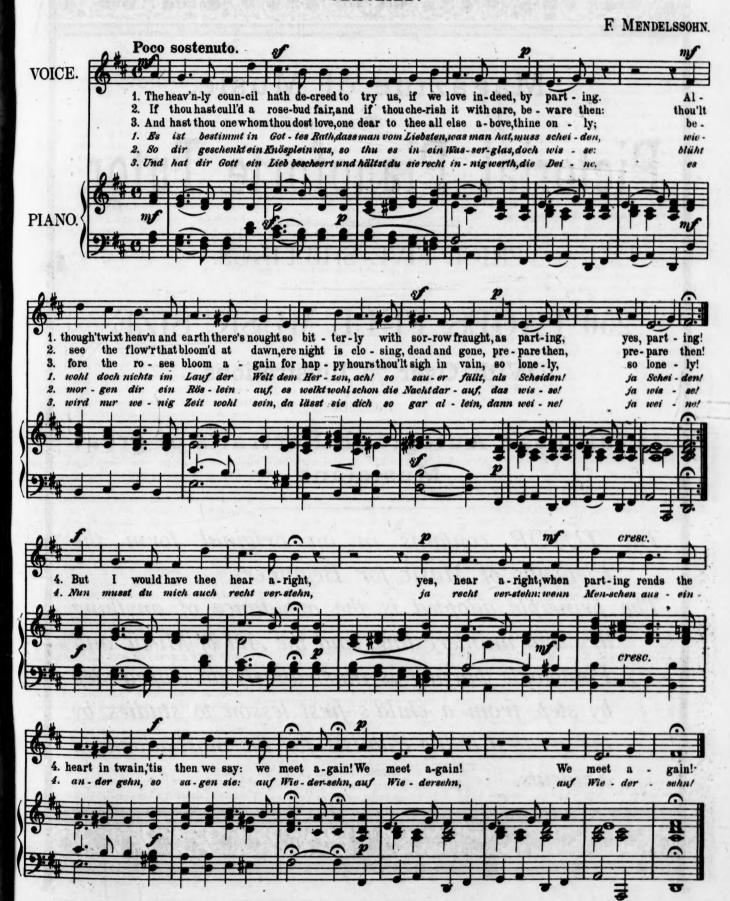
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